

ARTISTIC HOUSES

BEING A SERIES OF

Interior Views of a number of the Most Beautiful and
Celebrated Homes in the United States

WITH

A Description of the Art Treasures contained therein



VOLUME ONE.—PART II

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DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND'S HOUSE.

THE interior of the house of a professional man of scholarly pursuits, cultivated tastes, and wealth sufficient to gratify both, is at least the proximate expression of his experience and convictions in matters that pertain to physical comfort and æsthetic well-being, and as such must necessarily interest that large class of persons who have, or expect to have, pleasant homes of their own, and to whom things of beauty are joys. Such an interior is that of Dr. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND'S mansion, in Fifty-fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue.

Dr. Hammond's library is decorated in the style of the wise Egyp- *Library.*
 tians, and upon the large, high-backed, carved-oak arm-chair, formerly the property of Sir Matthew Hale, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in the seventeenth century, sits a statue of the god Buddha, whose name signifies wisdom. Of this entirely unobjectionable heathen you see an immense oak figure in the main hall, and a quite delightful little gilt shrine in one corner of the parlor, so neat and almost natty that a lady-worshiper who knew little of Buddha himself might admire the image because of its intrinsic attractiveness. To look at the ceiling of the library is to look at the ceiling of a large Egyptian ball- *Egyptian*
 room, as this has been preserved in a venerable tomb; for the master *ceiling.*
 of the house has familiarized himself with the researches of Wilkinson and Lepsius and Champollion and Sharp. That ceiling is as characteristic a specimen of Egyptian mural decoration as the ceiling of the Temple of Denderah, with its zodiac (if, indeed, it be a zodiac), and the borders and scarabæi are precise counterparts of those that are illustrated in Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians."

*Egyptian
frieze.*

tians." In the frieze are depicted various historic scenes: the gods Osiris, Isis, and so on, in warlike procession, with chariots and horses and warriors; hunters holding by leashes dogs which strikingly resemble the modern greyhound, while two slaves carry water-buckets which depend from yokes on their shoulders, and a third one bears a fawn which his masters have killed, the party welcomed by a woman the scantiness of whose clothing does not conceal her figure as she stands playing on the guitar. Over the mantel is a scarabæus four feet wide, but not wider than some Egyptian originals, as one may see in the plates of Racinet's "Costume Historique"; and next appears Rameses II, the Theban king who had a hand in the construction of the palaces of Karnak and Luxor, and who appears in the truly royal act of slaughtering a prisoner. He holds him by the hair, and raises above him his long-handled tomahawk, if the word be admissible, while the *insouciant* Egyptian Venus, Athor by name, stands unaffected and nearly nude, bearing a full moon between her semicircular horns. A sacrificial scene, with altar, priest, and vestal, follows, and the deep frieze throughout, with its black and red figures painted flat, is a careful and speaking fragment of Egyptian history.

*Græco-
Egyptian
mantel-
piece.*

The large mantel-piece is Græco-Egyptian in design. Its satin-wood pillars are modified caryatides; at each end of the shelf is a head of Mercury backed up with the *caduceus*; and on the key-stone of the arch below is Cupid driving a creature with the head of a horse, the wings of an eagle, the tail of a lion, and the feet of a dragon. A portrait of Rameses II shines from the center of the wood-work above the shelf—the likeness of the man who fell in love with the daughter of a king whom he had vanquished in battle, rather than of the great general who conquered Ethiopia and Syria, and the principal builder of that hundred-gated Thebes which its inhabitants believe to be the first city founded upon earth. The long black hair, and swarthy face, and the lusterless whites of his sensual eyes, are excellently portrayed by the painter, who has surrounded the portrait with lotus-leaves and sphinxes. Dr. Hammond is not loath to express to his friends his mild regret that

this


this very striking mantel-piece should not have been pure Egyptian instead of Græco-Egyptian, in accordance with his original intention. But among house-furnishers the spirit of eclecticism is mighty and hitherto has prevailed.

The Egyptian spirit of the library is further reflected in a cast of a bronze torso of Marsyas, that impertinent satyr, who, having found the pipe which Minerva had thrown away, proceeded to contend with Apollo in musical skill, and was flayed alive for his rashness. Here we see the poor fellow in his flayed state, such as he was discovered in by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringer at the foot of the obelisk in Alexandria—the same obelisk that now adorns a knoll of the Central Park. The lieutenant had only twelve casts taken of the work. The chairs are white oak, of an Egyptian pattern, so made that when you sit on them the pressure is directly downward. If thrown from a fourth-story window they would not break. The legs and other supports are ornamented with representations of the lotus, which the Egyptians worshiped; and the only weak thing about them is the casters. The table, covered with an Eastern rug, is of oak, with scarabæi carved on the sides. Poles of oak, held with oak rings by Egyptian heads made after designs taken from Nott and Gliddon's book, support the *portières*. The originals of these heads were found in the most ancient tomb extant, its date being about B. C. 3500. The handsome chandelier is Greek.

Passing back, through a small anteroom, we find ourselves in the doctor's operating-room, where, from above the shelves, the busts of Franklin, Humboldt, and Æsculapius look placidly down upon a large electrical machine and other more complicated apparatus. The quaint mantel-piece, invented by Dr. Hammond, is of bare bricks shaded by a French château roof, from which rises a tower with a real clock. The wainscoting is ten feet high, and the deep frieze of canvas leaves little space for plaster walls. The quiet color of this cozy retreat is in warm contrast with the decoration of the library, through which we pass again on our way across the hall into the dining-room.

As you sit at the massive oak table of the dining-room, and cast your

Dining-
room
frieze.

your eye toward the ceiling which Mr. Engel (of Reynolds & Engel) has decorated with golden butterflies and dragon-flies moving around stars within an elliptical border of conventional wild-growths, you see along the frieze some legends admirably adapted for gastronomic purposes, piquant as an East Indian sauce, yet moderate in spirit as moderation itself. The first legend is—

“Il n'est sauce que d'appetit”;

the second—

“Σὺς ἀνὴρ οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ,”

which may be translated “A man alone is no man at all”; the third is—

“Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast,”

Goethe's maxim, “Not too fast, but don't stop”; the fourth—

“Fames est optimus coquus,”

“Hunger is the best cook”; and the fifth—

“Good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used.”

Candela-
bra.

Carved
flower-
holders.

While the prevailing tone of the dining-room decorations is crimson, the green *portières* under their hangings of stamped leather repeat the greens of the frieze, and contrast with the reds and blacks of the Persian rugs; and the finest of the collection of vases are two Chinese specimens decorated in gold, and carrying along the color scheme of the spangled ceiling. Candelabra three and a half feet high, made for the King of Bavaria, and so intricately wrought in figure and leaf that the wonder is that they were ever successfully wrought at all; three sideboards, each of carved oak, the third most spacious and elegant, and generously furnished with porcelains and glass-ware; and a pair of marvelously carved flower-holders, ten and a half feet high, representing a satyr on a pedestal holding aloft a pyramid of three boys, the topmost of whom supports a flower-vase, are central attractions of this splendid shrine of good living, whose walls are adorned with choice delft plates and *cloisonné* enamel plaques and with two old *repoussé* plaques that serve as a background for sconces, and above whose ample mantel-piece presides a noble elk's head with superb antlers. The wainscoting, like the rest of the furniture, is of oak, a trustworthy and fine wood which Dr. Hammond much likes, perhaps for the same reason that Virgil liked it,

it, in whose verses it figures as the symbol of strength. There is more oak in the Hammond furniture than any other material.

Above the arch that divides the dining-room from the sitting-room is seen the coat-of-arms. Heraldically described, its field is azure with three demi-lions passant gardant or; the crest, a wolf's head erased, per fess indented or and azure; motto, "*Paratus et fidelis*"; and going under the arch we reach the sitting-room, or family library, through the stained glass of whose dome ceiling the light descends from the sky by a well. Two corner-tables supported by gilt Cupids are souvenirs of the Duke of Parma's palace, and were removed from it when King Victor Emmanuel's troops passed that way on their mission of Italian unity. The church of Nuremberg has furnished the walls with a pair of panel-paintings, mellow in tone by reason of age (and their backs worm-eaten as well), and possessed of high artistic merit. Here, again, all the furniture, especially a finely-carved, high-backed Italian chair, is of oak; and the tops of the book-cases are ornamented with rare porcelains. The floor is partly covered by a beautiful Astrakhan rug, and we step from it into a magnificent drawing-room, consistently decorated throughout in Early English and Celtic.

What shall be most admired here? The turquoise-blue ceiling, divided by Celtic bands, almost navy-blue, into squares filled with Celtic ornaments, the figures on the squares being alike but differently arranged? Well, the conventional style of ceiling is light, but this is dark and almost heavy—too heavy, one would have said, if he had seen merely the plan of it before the execution. Yet visitors take pains to say how much they admire it. Mr. Engel was three months in finishing this superb ceiling. The frieze is a series of exact copies of scenes worked by Queen Matilda on the famous Bayeux tapestry (the oldest in existence), a little younger than the designs of the ceiling. This excellent woman, with great *naïveté* and entire disregard of *les convenances*, industriously expressed herself alone with the needle; her horses have assorted legs of green, red, and blue, the same horse representing several colors; her Norman soldiers ride with spurs to meet the English who
have

have no spurs; and, like the school-boy, she labels every picture—"Hic domus incenditur" ("This house is on fire") she writes over a representation of a building in flames. These things one sees faithfully reproduced, and quaint and pretty they are, and a thousand miles away from the stupid proprieties. The wainscoting is of satin-wood, inlaid with ebony; and all the furniture, except a few picked-up pieces, is of ebony also. The wall is hung with raw silk, which looks very rich and soft in the light that steals through the stained-glass front windows, which represent in splendor of ruby and other hues two Saxon princesses. The walls glisten with Persian, Moorish, Egyptian, Chinese, and Japanese plaques, chosen piece by piece by himself, and set off by the flawless whiteness of an exquisite marble copy of the Venus di Medici, one half the size of the original in the Tribune at Florence. Two tables for playing chess have tops in which the squares are marked in *cloisonné* enamel. Near them stand a cabinet from Florence, another of ebony from Boston, and a delightful little corner-table of brass, the top covered with velvet plush, and the whole made by Dr. Hammond himself, who once remarked to a guest, "If I wasn't a physician I should be an upholsterer." On it stands a hammered-silver Gorham vase, presented to the owner by Professor Horsford, of Cambridge. In one of the cabinets, among other fine pieces of porcelain, is a small Satsuma cup, perfect in its palpitating cream-color and its fleckless roundness. This extraordinary little specimen is from the Mikado's collection. The Dresden china on the console of the mantel, the examples of Capo da Monte, the two lustrous plaques of Limoges enamel, and the beautiful pot of *cloisonné* enamel, are only a few of the ceramic attractions.

Ascending the easy and spacious stairway, we notice how the light from the stained-glass window of the roof plays upon the crimson walls, and, pursuing our course, find that there is not a dark closet in the building. There are five rooms on the first floor: Mrs. Hammond's room over the parlor, Dr. Hammond's room over the dining-room, next to it a writing-room, next to this the Japanese bedroom, and in front, again, a morning-room. The first thing that strikes the visitor to the morning-room

morning-room is a three-quarters oil-portrait of the doctor's great-grand-Morning-room. mother, Miss Betsy Straithon (who married General Hammond, of the British Army), painted in England at least a hundred years ago, and so felicitously poetic in attitude, color, drapery, and facial expression, as to seem a fragment of a dream of fair women. Near her are likenesses of the doctor's father and mother, and an exquisite female bust by Prud'hon, the head enveloped in a mist with an effect which George Fuller, who recently succeeded so finely in the mist-treatment of his well-known "Winnefred Dysart," might be most enthusiastic in admiring. Of the delicacy of handling and sweetness of motive of this "Contemplation," by the celebrated French painter, it would be difficult to speak beyond due bounds. All the furniture of the room is old Dutch inlaid—note the two chairs, and the surface of the tea-table, with its inlaid quaint cups, saucers, tea-pot, and bowl.

We now enter Mrs. Hammond's room, with its ceiling of spangled Mrs. Hammond's room. silver, and other Renaissance decorations echoed on doors and walls—a fresh, cheerful apartment, unobtrusive in its elaboration, and not too nicely calculated in its chromatic balances. A thoroughly sound piece of fresco is its mural ornamentation, combining the merits of frankness and precision, and highly acceptable for the feeling it manifests for the beauty of silver as a color. Very significant, too, are the legends in quaint letters that weave themselves about the central design of the ceiling:

"Anima magis est ubi amat quam ubi animat,"

"To live is to be where one loves rather than where one breathes";

"Nisi utile est quod facimus stulta est gloria,"

"Glory is a vain thing, unless the deed that brings it is serviceable to our fellow-creatures";

"Non est vivere sed valere vita,"

"In the true sense of the word, life consists not in mere living, but in exerting some influence";

"Homo fervidus et diligens ad omnia paratur,"

"The man who is earnest and persevering is ready for anything that may happen."

There

There are no dark halls in the Hammond mansion, so we need no light to find the pretty little writing-room in the second story, with its novel wainscoting of glass tiles whose hand-painted sides are turned in toward the plaster, and its unique Danish decoration; nor the delightful Japanese bedroom that adjoins it, the design of whose ceiling, with its stencil-work supported in either corner by the dog Foo and the ancient dragon, is not to be found elsewhere in an American dwelling. Here the walls are converted into brilliant but never noisy schemes of color, by the aid of variegated fans, porcelains, mattings, and other affluence of hanging, making one loath to leave it for the sober magnificence of the doctor's bedroom itself.

*Japanese
bedroom.*

Here, first of all, the spectator is struck by certain evidences of common sense, that rarest of all the genii who affect to preside over the furnishing of men's houses. The dressing-table of oak—again the furniture, with the exception of the beautifully-engraved brass bedstead, is exclusively of that honest and enduring material—has been made large enough for a large man's comfort, and been given a mirror wide enough and high enough for such a creature to see himself in it. An immense cabinet, say ten feet by eight, covers a part of the long western wall, and with adornments of many a porcelain plate, plaque, bowl, or vase, which asserts itself a thing of useful beauty. The black, crimson, and gold ceiling is a breath from the early Gothic and Byzantine period; while the frieze that touches it unfolds itself in a fine series of pictorial representations belonging to that picturesque epoch: The lady of the tournament appears, presenting the prize, a piece of silk, to the fortunate winner; an English earl is making a present to the red-headed royal Rufus; King Clovis and his court are receiving an embassy of bare-toed, crown-shaven monks; the nobility are indulging in a midnight dance by torch-light. The dado consists of heavy composition paper, like that used in Marlborough House, stamped and thickly painted in India red, and is united with the frieze by wall-hangings of raw silk. An elaborately-carved sofa, whose beautiful back is a wonderful representation of a forest hunting-scene, in which a wild-boar and several

*Dr. Ham-
mond's
room.*

*Ceiling
and frieze.*

several huntsmen and dogs take part, sits opposite a pair of Dagobert chairs covered with stamped leather. The carved mantel-piece is massive and large; and the old Spanish wash-stand, with its shaving-case top so like a private shrine, and its ponderous little drawer of oaken sides an inch and a half thick, where the host's sturdy pistol is kept almost within reach of the bed, might bring tears to the eyes of the devotee of unique old furniture.

The entire façade of his house is a reproduction of that of an old house which pleased Dr. Hammond in Nuremberg. He saw it there, liked it, and had a drawing made of it.

MR. W. H. DE FOREST'S HOUSE.

WHEN the oaken front doors of Mr. W. H. DE FOREST'S house, No. 12 West Fifty-seventh Street, have swung back into their paneled recesses, the visitor finds himself entering an Early-English hall, quite Jacobean in its general features, although neither it nor any other apartment is a servile copy after a recognized period or style. The architect, Mr. Lamb, has allowed himself much freedom of expression, and introduced into his very eclectic and interesting scheme the salient and most enticing qualities of various schools and epochs, thus avoiding what otherwise might have been some loudly-resounding clashing. In this hall, for instance, the ceiling decoration is Japanese, but, being not of a rabid sort, one experiences no sense of incongruity. The mantel rises the full height of the apartment, ending in a coved frieze; and on the right and left of the fire-place stand caryatides that support an elaborately and beautifully carved frieze just over the fire-place opening, which is large and faced with wrought brass.

But, undoubtedly, the most striking and noteworthy feature of the interior of this very striking and noteworthy edifice is the staircase of oak which ascends to the fourth floor. The steps are so arranged as to give the greatest width possible in the space occupied, and are lighted by one of Tiffany's stained-glass windows in the roof. The large mirror in front of you, as you turn to begin the ascent, is really a door that opens to some stairs leading to the basement, and discloses also a toilet-room, and a back-hall entrance, surprising the visitor by the wealth of conveniences that lie hidden behind it. Indeed, this house contains a greater number of such surprises than the uninitiated would imagine.

imagine. You can not go far without being impressed by the architect's success in this direction, and without admiring the ingenuity that has so successfully met so many useful demands within a breadth of only twenty-five feet. The smallness of the panels in the wainscoting and ceilings of the lower floor is another marked feature, and, partly as a result of this, partly owing to the material used by the joiner, and partly, too, because the floors and foundations were extremely well laid, there has not been the slightest shrinkage in any of the wood-work, not even in the vestibule, which is elaborately paneled throughout, on walls, doors, and ceiling, in antique oak. The ventilation has been a subject of careful study, and every bedroom is aired by wells.

*Old family
heir-looms.*

The unusual number of old family pieces of furniture or *bric-à-brac* in this house constitutes another attraction. Inserted in the mantel of the hall is a fine old round clock, with a carved-oak frame, which has belonged to the De Forests for several generations, and to which the mantel seems to have obsequiously adapted itself. The rugs are heir-looms also, and so are the elegant set of rose-wood furniture in Mrs. De Forest's bedroom, and many of the finely-carved chairs whose backs are surmounted by coats-of-arms. One can not walk far in this handsome mansion without encountering honorable relics of by-gone days.

*The din-
ing-room.*

Of antique oak is the spacious library with its surrounding book-cases, and we go from it into the dining-room through a small passageway or *loge* (used as a wine-closet) under a carved mahogany shell ceiling of singular beauty. The dining-room offers a feast to the eye and the imagination, with its walls minutely paneled in mahogany ten feet high; its deep frieze of old-gold plush, deftly embroidered in flowers, branches, and butterflies; its curtains of sapphire-blue plush, embroidered on the borders with oranges, orange-leaves, and orange-blossoms in one instance, with pomegranates in another instance, and with peaches in a third. The mantel, also of mahogany, displays a stained-glass window by Tiffany; the ceiling is paneled in the same wood; and the mahogany chairs are covered with real alligator-skins, the host having sought far and near for those that were large enough

to

to meet the requirements. To persons who are not in the habit of seating themselves on such upholstery wares when partaking of their regular meals, it may be said that the tanned hide of the American crocodile looks exceedingly quaint in its natural subdivisions, and is as comfortable to sit upon as any other leather in the world. A Japanese screen, embroidered with figures of birds, stands immediately in front of the entrance to the butler's pantry, and on either side of it is a buffet of mahogany, adorned with a silver tea and dinner service, and built directly out of the wainscot.

The scheme of decoration in the parlor has a flavor of Louis Seize, *Parlor decoration.* especially in some of the old plushes, embroidered in floral patterns, that serve as hangings in the window, and as coverings for the chairs, the divan, and the piano, and were brought by the De Forests from Paris. Some cabinet oil-paintings by Detaille, Knaus, Plassan, and other artists, hang from a rod fixed at about two thirds the height of the room, and partly conceal the neutral, solid tint—between a salmon and a yellow—of the walls. The ceiling, painted in a corresponding hue, is paneled in stucco tiles of various designs.

If we enter the hall again, and, passing under the Venetian bronze lantern and along the parquetry of the floor, ascend the staircase, we soon reach Mrs. De Forest's boudoir, bedroom, and dressing-room, situated above the parlor. Here the furniture consists chiefly of rare and costly pieces of Dutch and English marquetry, whose effect is enhanced *Dutch and English marquetry.* by the gilt and the cool light-browns of the stenciled walls, the silver tones of the frieze, and the silver and blue of the ceiling. The doors all slide, not only in this room, but elsewhere in the house, and are cased in cherry, as well as made of it. The chairs, each one different from every other, are upholstered in French tapestry of flower and bird designs, which contrast with the seriousness of the Eastern rug on the floor. Another suite of rooms, consisting also of boudoir, bedroom, and dressing-room, is decorated in maple; and a library between the two suites, in a wood of exquisite grain, susceptible of a fine polish, and resembling the California red ash.

MR. F. W. STEVENS'S HOUSE.

WHAT may be called the architectural feature of hospitality first and most impresses the visitor to Mr. F. W. STEVENS'S house, at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. The spirit of the interior is one of *Spirit of the interior.* consideration for the comfort of many guests, rather than the convenience of a recluse and his immediate family; and, although the word *hospitalitas* is not actually inscribed on any wall or lintel, the style of construction is an expression of the thing. The owner has built a house which is not only a home, but a place of reception for his friends; has so built it that his intention is embodied in the very form and fashion of the structure itself. Exceedingly generous are the dimensions of the principal apartments, especially of the grand hall and the dining-room; you could put three or four ordinary halls in the *Dimensions of apartments.* hall, and could seat in the dining-room as many persons as used to feast at a mediæval Gothic board. And, as if to emphasize the sum total of the prevailing impression, there stands the magnificent ball-room, entered on one side from the dining-room, and on the other from the drawing-room.

This commodious and unique chamber of festivity possesses rare his- *Flemish ball-room.* toric not less than artistic interest. The Gobelin tapestries of its walls, after Raphaelesque designs; the parquetry of its oaken floor; the old painted pine of its wainscoting; the chairs and sofas, covered with Beauvais tapestry; even the carved white-marble mantel, were brought to this country from Belgium. Not only so, but they themselves were once constituent parts of a ball-room in Ghent, where, a hundred years ago, they saw the fair faces and gorgeous costumes, and echoed the

the tripping of the light fantastic toes, of happy, handsome Flemings.

*A room im-
ported from
Ghent.*

Instead of reproducing a ball-room, Mr. Stevens has imported one. Instead of imitating an old style, he has procured an embodiment of the style itself. The festal apartment of an old Flemish palace has been taken out and transferred to New York. What associations cluster about it! What memories the old tapestries have treasured and are treasuring! What romances lie mirrored in the glistening oaken floor!

The difficulty and cost of removing such a room from Ghent to New York, and of setting it up again in a modern house, are probably best appreciated by anybody who has made the experiment; but, in this instance, the reasonableness—sweet reasonableness, Matthew Arnold would say—and success of the procedure have been demonstrated. Even the small glass mirror in the delicately-carved frame came from that ball-room in Ghent; and so did the wood-carvings over the doors, between the windows, and in the corners, where one sees repeated, as elsewhere throughout the room, the same running design that appears in the tapestries. The fact that the dimensions of this room were larger than those of the room in Ghent offered no difficulties. The additional height of several feet was met by a frieze of papier-maché, which also displayed the same prevailing theme of ornamentation; and the ceiling is a piece of quiet but modern fresco-work, again in harmony with its surroundings. One leaves the room with an affectionate respect for that scheme of tapestry decoration, which is as old as the French monarchy; as old as the days when Clovis, having embraced Christianity, proceeded to show his faith by his works, in adorning the church-walls with these woven embroideries; as old as the days of the Hebrews, who hung in the tabernacle such beautiful and lasting decorations; as old as the days of the Egyptians, the Babylonians, and the Greeks, who ascribed to Minerva the invention of this pleasure-giving industry.

*Tapestry
decoration.*

But it was not until the fourteenth century that the art of making tapestry was carried to its wider application by the Flemings, at their celebrated factories of Bruges, Brussels, Valenciennes, Arras, and Antwerp.

werp. To those Flemings Henry Quatre went when he desired to establish the manufacture in France, where the Gobelin specimens afterward became so famous; and to those Flemings, also, Mr. Stevens looked when seeking tapestries for the decoration of his spacious and lofty hall. If the Gobelin pieces on the walls of his ball-room are beautiful, the Flemish pieces on the walls of his hall are more beautiful. Hundreds of square yards of them are hung against the paneled oak sides of that most inviting retreat—the principal examples depicting the history of Psyche, and having been made at Brussels in 1552, after, it is said, designs by Raphael. The feeling for flesh in the varied groups of figures is most tender and true; the skill in expressing that feeling, simply marvelous. Few oil-painters, with all their facility of resource, have been able to convey this impression to the extent that these looms of Brussels do, when the products of their work absorb the mild radiance of the lights of the lofty chandelier. In that wonderful scene where Cupid is represented as escaping from the uplifted hands of Psyche, the drawing, the composition, the effect, is such as might compel the admiration of the most self-sufficient of modern artists, so deftly has the weaver overcome the obstacles that environed him; and in that other scene, where, while Cupid sleeps, Psyche comes to him with a lamp in her hands and inadvertently lets fall a drop of oil upon his arm, how much less obvious are the inherent difficulties of the task than the great success which greets its accomplishment!

So abundant, rare, and beautiful are the pieces of tapestry in Mr. Stevens's house, that the visitor, undoubtedly, will find in their presence the principal note of its decorative chord. They carry him back three hundred years at least, if he considers their makers, and two thousand years, or more, if he considers many of their subjects; but the borders of some of them look as fresh as if woven yesterday. The lovely tones, which time, if it has influenced at all, has only softened, constitute, however, the unspeakable charm of these reminders of earlier dynasties. Exercising their decorative functions with utmost modesty, frankness, and sweetness, they are yet never perturbed at the advent of more modern rivals.

*Needle-
woven
tapestries.*

*Old and
new em-
broideries.*

*The li-
brary.*

rivals. They hold their own in the midst of any juxtapositions whatever. They sway our sensibilities like a fragrant chaplet tossed from the parapets of castles in the air. That Mr. Stevens appreciates their value as color is evident from the lavish manner in which he has availed himself of their felicitous adaptation in this direction. All the *portières* of the principal floor, and almost all the window-hangings, consist of tapestries, or of embroideries, which are but needle-woven tapestries. Especially in the library, on the east side of the house, does the visitor encounter the matchless lusters of fine old stuffs from long-forsaken altars—pieces of embroidery which only a born colorist could have brought into existence. Here, above the fire-opening of one of the mantels, stretches a rare and splendid band of Spanish design, with its characteristic Moorish arch-ornament, in some respects the most notable example of artistic *appliqué*-work in the house. Higher yet on the mantel appears another piece, scarcely less rare and splendid, a relic of earlier Italian days. Directly over the fire-opening of the other mantel hangs a broad band of gilt *appliqué* on a garnet-velvet ground (so worn as hardly to be recognized as velvet), surrounding medallion heads that breathe the very spirit of Fra Angelico. Near by, a sumptuously-carved oaken chair of the Louis Treize period is upholstered in red and green shades of plush *appliqué* on ivory-white silk; and, beneath an oil-painting, the easel that holds it is draped with another beautiful piece. Amid these older vintages, the new wine of South Kensington sparkles on one of the walls of the bay-window, within whose recesses blooms a flourishing palm-tree. In short, this room and this house are a notable museum of old French and Flemish tapestries, and of French, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, and English embroideries, new and old, grave and gay, each entering unreservedly and cordially into the general chromatic combination of which it is a part, and tirelessly distributing its own repast of color.

For the effect of this library is entirely dependent upon color, the general tone taking its determinative quantity from the garnet plush hangings that conceal the walls. The beams of the ceiling and the
rest

rest of the wood-work are ebonized, while between the beams the long transverse spaces of plaster are painted in fresco, after an Italian design found in the *portière* of the door that opens into the drawing-room. Ebonized book-cases line the walls in front of the ebonized wainscoting. A Limoges enamel on a silver lectern is extremely rare and of exquisite workmanship. It is a triptych, with the Virgin and Child surrounded by angels in the center, and a quite Fra Angelican saint standing at either end, in attitudes that would now be considered altogether the property of the æsthetes. No better specimen of Limoges enameling could reasonably be wished for. It is a treat to look at it. A small old casket of ebony, with enamel panels, vies in exotic beauty with an old Florentine jewel-case, covered with red plush, and containing many little drawers, faced with marble of various hues, the inside of the lid being an intricate and delicate specimen of marquetry. In one corner of the room a large Chinese cabinet of carved teak-wood serves as an exhibition-stand for several pieces of porcelain, which act intelligently their parts as color-foci; in another corner a *vitrine* contains some excellent Tanagra *figurines*—those little statuettes of terracotta which have only recently told us the interesting, pertinent, and important fact that the Greeks were not always “classic” in their sculpture, but understood perfectly well, even in the practice of that serious art, the value of the *desipere in loco*. Three pieces of French silver, a ewer and basin, and a *soupière*, represent the *repoussé* and the chasing of the beginning of the eighteenth century; and a large harp, with some Louis Seize feeling in the ornamentation, the beginning of the nineteenth century. Many illustrated books of weight (subjectively as well as objectively considered) lie on the tables or the shelves. There is not an article of *bijouterie* or *vertu* in this room that does not please a cultivated taste, while the general tonal influence is satisfactory to a degree.

Limoges
enameling.

Art-objects.

But before going any further let us indicate, briefly, the ground-plan of the first floor. Entering on Fifty-seventh Street, you find yourself at once in the hall, which is covered above and on the sides with

*Ground-
plan of
first floor.*

with paneled oak, and on the bottom with English mosaic. At the right, a door opens into a private sitting-room; at the left, a *portière* hangs in front of the reception-room. From this reception-room, still going to the left, you pass into the library, which is at the north-east corner of the house, running along Fifth Avenue, and opening into the drawing-room behind it, also on the Fifth Avenue side. This drawing-room is at the southeast corner of the house, and going from it due west you enter the ball-room, from near whose farther end you may turn northward into the dining-room. In the center of this series of rooms, and opening into every one of them, is the main hall, with its comfortable, carved oaken staircase, ascending to the neighborhood of the roof, where the ceiling is of paneled oak. An oaken screen, darker than the oak around it, and admirably carved with much elaboration of design, partly separates this main hall from the smaller hall first entered.

*The din-
ing-room.*

Pushing aside one of the tapestry *portières*, we find ourselves within the magnificent and well-proportioned dining-room, twenty-two feet wide by thirty-six feet long. The wood-work and furniture are of San Domingo mahogany—the costliest and best mahogany in the market—and above the wainscoting, which rises to a height of eight feet, the wall-spaces are covered with the somber richness of real old Spanish leather, once used in Spain for a similar purpose, and still as fresh and lustrous, with its vari-colored decorations of pigments, as when, two hundred years or more ago, it first subserved the honest purpose of its maker. As is the case in two noble old rooms in the house at Cadore, Titian's birthplace, the several pieces of leather, each the best part of a sheep's skin, are glued directly to the plaster. It is needless to remark that the surfaces of these valuable old specimens have not been repainted, nor were they given over to the tender mercies of the "restorer." The colors that shine from them are the old colors, unchanged. Some excellent pieces of Delft and Nanking white and blue appear in this dining-room, but no attempt has been made to display a conventional collection of porcelains. There are, also, some fine Moresque plates.

Curious

Curious to relate, the pieces of wood used in the wainscoting were formerly parts of the four-panel mahogany doors of Mrs. Stevens's father's house in Bond Street, each door being cut in two, and the halves set up as wainscoting; and still more curious is the fact that, when, some ten years ago, that house was dismantled, preparatory to the erection of Brooks Brothers' clothing-store on its site, the contractor, who was using its materials in the construction of another house, was glad to be rid of the heavy mahogany doors! He did not want them, he said—they were too cumbersome; he had no use for such things. To-day, the decorators would be delighted to buy them at figures that would petrify that contractor with astonishment.

From that same house came all the furniture of the drawing-room, and its rare old hangings of *velours*, with which material, also, the chairs and sofas are covered. Leading by a wide opening directly into the ball-room, whose scheme of decoration is extremely quiet, and acting, in the strict sense, the part of an anteroom to it, it was fit that the spirit of its ornamentation should be even more modest. To kill the artistic effect of such a ball-room as this by the juxtaposition of the fripperies of a loudly-frivolous drawing-room, would be a slaughter-house style of doing business that no guest of this mansion would have expected to see. After forty years the old *velours* is again the fashion in household decoration, but it would be impossible to duplicate exactly these fine specimens of deep garnet velvet on a ground of gray satin. The walls, painted in a neutral tint, are divided into unoccupied panels by narrow strips of gilt molding; and it is interesting to note that the white-marble mantel, with its caryatides, is believed to have been the work of the American sculptor Crawford, who afterward married a daughter of Samuel Ward, the first owner of the Bond Street house of which we spoke a moment ago, and in which the mantel originally stood. Indeed, the associations that belong to the decorations of the various rooms in the Stevens mansion are extremely remarkable in number and weight, and in noting the effect of those decorations

decorations it would be inadequate to ignore the character of the associations that invest them with an additional charm.

*Ceiling of
reception-
room.*

The ceiling of the reception-room, painted like an old Italian cameo ceiling, shows in the center a mythological representation of sportive nymphs, in oil on a canvas. Mazarine-blue silk, after a delicate pattern made expressly for Mr. Cottier, covers the walls from base-board to frieze. A *vitrine* in a gilt frame-work holds some choice specimens of Saxe porcelain, but by far the most noteworthy piece of furniture is an old French cabinet, whose panels display on a gold ground some delightfully-painted pictures, the drawing and composition competing successfully with the lovely, rich tones. Were this cabinet one of us humans, the admiration it elicits might make it vain. An excellent Urbino plaque and jar, so bold in design, so vital in color, belong to the most deserving attractions in *faïence*, and should have been mentioned in connection with the library.

*Brass
chandelier
by Cottier.*

So we are brought around again to the main hall—to its loftiness, spaciousness, airiness; to its immense brass chandelier, with the double clusters of lights, made in New York City by Cottier, after an old Flemish pattern, or rather, perhaps, in the old Flemish spirit; to its smiling and generous greeting of oak—oak everywhere, on walls, in staircase, in carved railings of the upper stories, in distant ceiling away up under the rafters of the roof; to its Venetian sedan, with painted decorations on a gilt ground, and upholstery such as the last century made use of; to its long, wide, oblong floor, with English mosaic, partly covered by scattered Eastern rugs; to its deliciously toned and most cleverly carved oaken screen, which, with *portières*, shades the entrance to the smaller hall that leads to the front door; above all, to its superb tapestries. To these beautiful products of the ancient Flemish looms let us, in conclusion, pay again our tribute of respect. Only recently a leading American artist—we will be indiscreet enough to describe him as the honored President of the American Water-Color Society—in conversation with the present writer, spoke of a visit once paid by him to the Apollo Hall in the Louvre. “They were decorating its walls,” he said,

said, "with Gobelin tapestries, and some of the modern portraits, painted by contemporary French artists, who had sent them as designs for still other tapestries that the Gobelin factory was to weave, by order of the Government, for the adornment of the same hall, were placed temporarily side by side with the tapestries already hung, to show their degree of fitness for the purpose desired. I could not help noticing," he continued, "the comparative superiority of the tapestries over the oil-portraits; there was a softness, an indescribable tenderness and glow of beauty in the former, which quite outshone that of the latter, and made them seem cold and hard. It was like looking upon one of Gérôme's nude figures, after a sight of the best tapestries in the world. If you rapped on the Gérômes, they would give forth a hollow noise, like tinkling brass or sounding cymbal, or, most of all, like the porcelains that they appear to be. But the sweet, melodious tones of the carnations of the tapestries—how shall I describe them? As products of art, how superior were they to the oil-portraits I have mentioned; how paltry and *banal* was the work of the painter beside that of the artist who had presided at the loom!"

*Tapestries
compared
with oil-
paintings.*

Well, such, too, was the impression already made upon the writer, in the presence of Mr. Stevens's Flemish tapestries in the grand hall of the mansion at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue.

MR. W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE.

THE expenditure of about eight hundred thousand dollars in furnishing and decorating the interior of a private residence (exclusive of the picture-gallery) was unknown in this country until Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT contracted with the Herter Brothers for his magnificent house at Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, the total cost of which, inside and outside, was not far from a million and three quarters of dollars. This very notable dwelling, externally a modern treatment of Roman Renaissance motives, is approached by an outer vestibule or *atrium*, Outer vestibule. thirty-six feet square and one story high, which serves as a link between Mr. Vanderbilt's house and that of two of his sons-in-law, Messrs. Shepard and Sloane, and was originally intended to expose an open front to the street. Accordingly, its mosaic floor slopes, to carry off the rain that might have beaten in, and its treatment discards entirely the use of wood-work, the walls being covered with a wainscot of Numidian marble and a frieze of Venetian mosaic, and the ceiling with panels of stained glass in frames of bronze, and with a border of mosaic—a material in which the brown-stone pilasters and casings of doors and windows are inlaid. On either side of the inclosure stands a table of rare African marble, and at the back a massive seat of the same choice stone, while in the center, on an elegant pedestal, rests an immense malachite vase, at least six feet high.

Before entering this imposing *atrium*, and when on the landing of The entrance. the few brown-stone steps that lead to it, the visitor encounters a notice requesting him to touch the electric knob at his left, and to walk in without delay. Not reluctant to heed the gentle admonition, he

*Copy of
Ghiberti's
gates.*

he pushes back the unfastened doors, crosses the mosaic pavement, and, on turning to the left and passing through Barbedienne's reduced copy of Ghiberti's gates in gilded bronze, which Michael Angelo is said to have declared were worthy of being the gates of paradise, and upon which are represented in low-relief the principal events in the lives of Christ and of the Old Testament heroes and heroines, finds himself within the vestibule proper, just as the butler is about to open for him the inner doors of the mansion. This vestibule, treated in a Pompeiian manner as regards detail, is about twelve feet square, surmounted by a flat dome of mosaic, the walls covered with Sienna marble, a stone used also for trimming the paneled bronze doors, one of which opens into Mr. Vanderbilt's private library on the left, another to the cloak-room on the right, and a third to the main hall of the house. The floor is the first specimen of mosaic made in America.

*The grand
hall.*

The hospitable inscription, "*Salve*," in bronze letters on the principal door, has perhaps already greeted the eye of the visitor, who now enters the spacious hall—say sixty feet long by forty feet wide—its central part running up to the top of the house, and surrounded by galleries on each story, which are supported by superb colonnades of red Numidian marble, with bronze caps and bases. Facing the principal entrance is an ornate mantel of the same material with bronze decorations, flanked by two bronze figures copied from a work of Pilon's. The walls are wainscoted twelve feet high in panels of English oak, profusely and elaborately carved, with a frieze embodying a Celtic motive and adorned with small panels of inlaid marble; and the wall-spaces, to a height of five feet, are of colored and gilded plaster modeled in relief. A rich parquetry of various woods—American and English oak, and rose-wood and mahogany—constitutes the floor, and is partly covered by handsome Turkish rugs, both large and small. The furniture, designed in keeping with its surroundings, was made to order, of carved English oak, ornamented in brass and upholstered in Persian stuffs. The *portières*, chiefly old tapestries, enter easily into the subdued and luxurious environment of color.

At

At a distance of some twenty feet to the right of the front door the magnificent staircase discloses itself. Facing you, three or four steps lead to a landing, where you make a quarter turn to the right, and proceed to a larger landing, whence, by a half turn, you ascend to the second story, arriving in the gallery of the hall. This staircase, on the wall-side, continues the English oak paneling of the hall; the broad rail is supported by carved uprights of the same wood, and covered with a red velvet cushion, the spaces between the uprights being occupied by a rich scroll-work of bronze which, at intervals, clasps balls of red African marble; and the superb newel consists of a life-size bronze figure of a girl, whose left arm encircles a massive urn of the same polished stone, her bracelets, belt, and head-dress being of *cloisonné* enamel sparkling with jewels, while out of the urn grows a lantern of intricate bronze-work. The soffit of the stairs, also, is richly paneled and carved in English oak, and the main landing in each story is lighted through the splendor of a lofty stained-glass window, in which Mr. John Lafarge has wrought some of the finest of his characteristic effects.

Grand staircase.

Stained-glass window by Lafarge.

The only pictures in the hall are two life-size, full-length oil-portraits of the late Commodore Vanderbilt and Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, on either side of the entrance to the drawing-room on the Fifth Avenue front, and into this brilliantly decorated apartment we now enter without further delay.

The effect is gorgeous in the extreme: everything sparkles and flashes with gold and color—with mother-of-pearl, with marbles, with jewel-effects in glass—and almost every surface is covered, one might say weighted, with ornament: the walls, with carnation-red velvet, showing profusion of gilt *appliqué* work, which represents conventional trees whose flowers are made of jewels, and from whose branches hang festoons of gold-thread among which butterflies disport themselves; the frieze, with gilt and mother-of-pearl; the ceiling, with canvas painted by Galland to show a festal procession of life-size knights in armor, falconers, boys, ladies, peasant-women bearing the first-fruits of the vintage,

The drawing-room.

Mother-of-
pearl deco-
ration.

vintage, oxen, and horses, all under a sky of pale blue and grays, beneath which the ceiling itself springs in a graceful curve from the frieze-line, while slender, painted columns run up and carry a trellis motive to the center. Especially affluent and striking is the use of mother-of-pearl; very rarely, if ever, in the history of house-decoration, has this material been used so generously. You see it throughout the frieze, in the lower part of the wainscot, in the tables, in the cabinets, in the backs of the chairs, in the casings of doors and windows. The top of a center-table, six feet long by four feet wide, is entirely covered with it in pieces no bigger than your thumb-nail, but so skillfully inlaid that the eye fails to detect the lines of jointure, and the sunshine gleaming athwart this surface produces an effect resplendent with shifting hues. Probably not another similar article of furniture is to be found elsewhere. Two cabinets, about eight feet long by six feet high, with bowed fronts, are veritable *chef-d'œuvres*, by reason of their lavish adornment with panels of mother-of-pearl on which are applied bronze ornaments and Limoges enamels, the latter original designs by M. Serre, of Paris (a prince among painters on earthenware), and so carefully executed and successfully fired as to rank among the notable triumphs of French *faïence*. Mother-of-pearl is seen also in the tops of two stands, to say nothing of various other places.

Lighting of
the draw-
ing-room.

Two luxurious divans, covered with a design in raised cherry velvet on a ground of yellow satin, so that the design looks like a lace thrown over the ground, occupy two corners of the room. Some of the smaller chairs are upholstered in rich Chinese embroideries, the wood-work being gilt. A cabinet of *cloisonné* enamel, on a gilt stand with *cloisonné* decorations, contains many curious pieces of *bric-à-brac*, and a smaller cabinet of glass, on a table near by, abounds in similar treasures. The lighting of this splendidly embellished and bedecked apartment has been so managed that the gas-jets suffuse a mild and gentle radiance. At each of the door-jams, and at the bay-window, stand columns or pedestals of onyx ornamented with bronze; upon these are set the gas-fixtures in the form of vases made of open-work of bronze, the spaces filled

filled in with colored glass, behind which are the burners, and above the rim of each vase a corona of gas-jets heightens the brilliancy of the effect. Moreover, in each corner of the room is a niche of small beveled mirrors, in front of which stands the silver figure of a young woman gracefully holding in either hand a trophy which passes over her head and forms a screen to additional gas-jets.

It is easy to see that in the decoration of this drawing-room the artist has striven earnestly for utmost radiance and garnishment within the limits of good taste. Cost was not counted until the desired results had been secured. Wherever an effect was sought, the means most suitable to accomplish it were used at once, without thought of monetary outlay; and Mr. Vanderbilt has a drawing-room which, especially when lighted, might serve as an illustration to some of the most opulent pages of the "Thousand and One Nights."

Opening hence is the Japanese parlor, cool and quiet in tone, though in perfect harmony with the surrounding rooms. This apartment forms the corner at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, and its chief artistic feature, as a whole, is that while the general effect is Japanese, nothing has been copied directly from the Japanese. The furniture and wood-work are of cherry, stained and enameled to look like red lacquer—and very like it it looks; the walls are hung with Japanese gold brocade up to the frieze-line, showing panels of embroidery at intervals, and along them are seen cases of the same wood, similarly treated, which form a multitude of little cupboards and shelves, filled with the rarest objects of *bijouterie* and *vertu*. The ceiling treatment begins at the frieze, and consists of a background of interlaced bamboo, decorated with beams and brackets of red lacquered wood, forming a truss. Uncut velvet of rare Japanese designs and manufacture covers the furniture, while the hangings are of Japanese stuff wrought into fantastic patterns. The carpet, which hides every nook and cranny of the floor, was woven in one piece in England. Very artistic and beautiful are the bronze landscapes with figures that act as doors or sides to some of the little cupboards on the walls.

*Japanese
parlor.*

*Ceiling of
interlaced
bamboo.*

Directly

The dining-room.

Directly west of the Japanese parlor is the capacious and sober dining-room, about forty-five feet long by thirty feet wide. All around it, forming a wainscot about twelve feet high, are cupboards and cabinets of English oak for holding glass and silver-ware, the series being interrupted on one side by the sideboard, on the opposite side by the windows on Fifty-first Street, and on the west side by the mantel. From the frieze-line starts the ceiling, with heavy wooden ribs, between which appear panels in low-relief representing flowers and fruits, and glazed in transparent colors over a gold ground. A large canvas by

Painting by Luminais on ceiling.

Luminais occupies the center, directly over the table, displaying, on a surface about twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide, a hunting-scene in the olden days of France—a knight on horseback accompanying a lady, whose milk-white steed is led by a page, while a falconer near by has just let loose his bird—the whole briskly executed and freshly conceived, with great freshness and purity of tint. Two other hunting-scenes, by the same artist, fill the spaces formed at either end of the room by the arching of the ceiling. The wood-work has been most generously carved with delicate Renaissance ornament—figures of little children, garlands of flowers and fruit, and horns of plenty—and on the elaborate parquetry, of various woods, lies a handsome Eastern rug, very rich and reserved in tone. Chairs of English oak, beautifully and lavishly carved, are upholstered in dull-red, stamped leather, of special designs, relieved with gold in Cordova fashion. *Portières*, of alternating narrow stripes of variously-colored velvet, play a quiet and simple part, like that of the hangings, of dull-red velvet, which are framed in green plush, and enriched with embroideries of grapes, vines, shields, and diverse trophies.

Butler's pantry.

Behind the dining-room is the butler's pantry, wainscoted two stories high (with a gallery all around it) in a succession of cupboards for different purposes, their doors made of ash, with panels of curled maple—woods that compose, also, the paneling of the ceiling. The floor is tiled. All the modern conveniences that were known or could be invented are introduced into this useful apartment. There are safes for the silver, telephonic communication with the Grand Central Depot, the

the livery-stable, and Mr. Vanderbilt's private office, the usual messenger, police, and fire calls, and other conveniences. The butler's pantry is directly connected with the servants' stairs, the main hall (and thence with the front door), the dining-room, and the entrance on Fifty-first Street.

Returning to the main hall, we enter Mr. Vanderbilt's library at the northeast corner of the building, adjoining the drawing-room. Our attention is at once arrested by the rose-wood trimmings, inlaid with brass and mother-of-pearl, and carved to utmost elaboration over the doors and in the mantel. Of rose-wood also, similarly inlaid, is the costly furniture that lends its quiet cheer to the general tone of dull olive-green. The coloring of the ceiling decoration, of richly-molded plaster-work with innumerable little beveled mirrors, recalls that of the Alhambra. Mr. Vanderbilt's private room opens from this library, and communicates also with the smaller vestibule of the house, so that the visitor can be shown directly out, instead of being taken into the hall. The wood-work is of carved mahogany, and the ceiling too. Book-cases project from the walls on brackets, in such a way that seats are built in below them. The window is partly hidden by a handsome screen of carved wood with panels of stained glass, and the walls are hung with bluish-green plush on a ground of gold. All the furniture is heavy and ornate.

For the convenience of the public Mr. Vanderbilt has constructed on Fifty-first Street a special entrance to his picture-gallery, the regular entrance to which is at the right of the main hall. The approach, in the former case, is by two handsome bronze doors, through an outer vestibule whose walls are wainscoted in dark-red marble to a height of about four feet, above which they are covered with Venetian-glass mosaic in red and gold, the ceiling being in gold mosaic. Inner vestibule doors of Circassian walnut, treated in Eastern style with rich jeweled stained glass, open into the inner vestibule itself—a cozy little apartment whose vaulted ceiling glitters with gold mosaics, whose floor is of marble mosaic, and whose carved wainscot, of Circassian walnut, is divided by columns of Alps-green marble, decorated with bronze strap-work.

Dressing-room for visitors.

work. To the left a door gives access to a dressing-room, with toilet conveniences for visitors, all finished in mahogany, and with a wainscot of the same wood, and walls and ceiling of bronzed flock-paper, the floors covered with rugs. Farther on in the vestibule is an opening for a stairway to the conservatory in the second story, where, entering in the center, you are surrounded by abundance of ferns, palms, and tropical plants, in a high degree of moisture, heat, and carbonized atmosphere. The walls and ceiling are covered with tiles, the floor is laid in Roman *scagliola*, and, by means of some sliding-doors, this interesting retreat can be thrown open to form an enchanting alcove of the picture-gallery, which we now enter.

The picture-gallery.

And a noble room it is—forty-eight feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and thirty feet high, in mahogany and black oak. The principal entrance furnishes the principal motive. We pass from the main hall through a deep archway of American oak stained black, with panels and carvings of mahogany in anticipation of the work above, the scheme being to keep the ebonized wood below, so that nothing shall disturb the pictures, and thence to proceed up to the bright coloring of the mahogany of the ceiling, where the black is in lines only, the copious decorations being arabesques on mahogany. Directly over the archway is situated a gallery for musicians. Behind the pictures the walls are covered with tapestry of a dull-red tone, and above them are painted in unobtrusive arabesque designs. The parquetry floor, mostly concealed by a rug woven in one piece, shows an outer border of mosaic. Two large divans richly carved, upholstered in Eastern stuffs, constitute, with the table, the principal

Water-color room.

furniture. Adjoining this apartment is the water-color room, treated in Moorish fashion, and entered also from the landing of the main staircase. It has a sky-light of stained glass, and is surrounded by a narrow gallery which overlooks the principal picture-gallery, and has a railing of spindle-work in black cherry. The upper part of the walls is covered with a dull-red velvet; the lower part with tapestry of the same tint. Divans and chairs are placed at either end of the room, and the view of it from the upper part of the water-color room is superb.

This

This gallery contains one of the most notable private collections of modern pictures in the world. Among the one hundred and twenty-three oil-paintings are five examples of J. F. Millet, five of N. Diaz, Painters represented. four of Meissonier, two of Gérôme, two of Fromentin, two of Fortuny, two of Alma-Tadema, two of Couture, four of Villegas, three of Knaus, two of Corot, and three of Jules Dupré. Scarcely a foreign contemporaneous painter of distinction but has a place in this honorable retreat, and is represented by a picture that does him honor. Most private galleries—and public ones, too, for that matter—quietly suggest to the spectator how much more comfortable they would be if intelligently weeded by a careful hand; but Mr. Vanderbilt's admirable collection makes no such appeal. The principle of its selection has been cosmopolitan enough to suit all cultivated tastes, comprehensive enough to represent all modern schools, and learned enough to win respect for the particular examples upon which its favor has alighted; and, since Mr. Vanderbilt has generously set apart every Thursday, from eleven o'clock until four, as a time when the public may be admitted into the gallery by cards of invitation, the influence of his brilliant array of pictures is an important element in cultivating the artistic taste of the metropolis. The largest canvas is De Neuville's scene in the late Franco-German De Neuville's "Le Bourget." War, entitled "Le Bourget," which depicts the gallant defense of the church of the village of that name against an entire division of Prussian Guards. Eight officers and twenty men, inside the building, defended themselves (says General Ducrot) to the last extremity, and it became necessary to fire musketry through the windows, and to bring cannon, before the remnant of the heroic band would surrender. De Neuville, whose instincts are strongly dramatic, found here a theme worthy of his genius, and inspiring to his best resources. "The artist's pencil," said the present writer on another occasion, "has been equal to the delineation of the high resolve and dauntless fortitude of these patriots as the merciless missiles of the foe proceed to decimate them. It seems, indeed, that a dash of tragedy must color a scene, if De Neuville's genius is to be stirred to its depths. Detaille will paint to the life a hussar

*Detaille's
"Ambu-
lance
Corps."*

hussar on horseback, or a platoon of hussars on parade, a military review, or a 'Salute to the Wounded'—will paint it as coolly as he would have walked up to the muzzle of a German needle-gun in the thickest of the fray; but De Neuville, who possesses the dramatic instinct, seems happiest when he can find or create an opportunity for exercising it. His method, too, is broader than Detaille's; his brush is freer; his realism runs more easily into the ideal. And yet it must be confessed that of late years the mutual friendship and companionship of these artists have left traces in a gradual consolidation of their styles, so that the essential difference between them is much less obvious than it used to be." But Mr. Vanderbilt's fine Detaille, the "Ambulance Corps," when contrasted with "Le Bourget," emphasizes the distinction that we have drawn, and here is Detaille's own description of the painting: "The title of my picture is 'The Arrest of an Ambulance, Eastern Part of France, January, 1871.' The prisoners are civil ambulanciers, who have been taken by a Prussian patrol in a village where a battle has taken place, and, when their papers have been examined and approved by the Prussian general, they will be released and authorized to collect the wounded, and to assist in the German hospitals. The spot where the scene is laid is a little village in Franche-Comté; they have fought there; the Germans occupy it. The foot-soldiers, who surround the ambulances, are Prussian chasseurs, and their general is accompanied by an officer of the hussars and a member of the staff, whose cap- and cloak-facing are of amaranth. The two remaining officers, one in a blue tunic and yellow collar, belong respectively to the dragoons and the cuirassiers; the dead body in the foreground is that of a Bavarian foot-soldier, while other Bavarians are seen at the end of the street, and at the entrance of the house, under the façade, which is pierced by bullets." That New York should possess such important and worthy examples of the two greatest military painters of the nineteenth century—and, perhaps, of any other century—is a cause for sincere congratulation.

A painter's own description of his work possesses permanent and
vital

vital interest, when both painter and work are of high rank. What would we not give for Raphael's story of his "Transfiguration," or Leonardo's of his "Last Supper," or Apelles's of that celebrated still-life in which the grapes were so realistically represented that the birds flew at them to pluck them? Of all modern artists who have left to us such valuable narratives, the late Jean François Millet, who, as we have said, appears five times in Mr. Vanderbilt's collection, is the most distinguished and instructive. Of his noble figure-piece "The Water-Carrier" (thirty-one inches wide by thirty-nine inches high), which came to this gallery from the Hartmann sale in Paris in 1881, he said in a letter written to his friend Thoré in 1860: "In the woman coming from drawing water, I did not try to portray a servant, but a wife who had just drawn water for her household needs—the water with which she makes her husband's soup; and I desired that she should appear to be carrying neither more nor less than the weight of the full pails; that through the kind of grimace that is forced on her by the dragging down of the arms and the half-closed eyes, which just allow her to see, one could divine in her visage an air of rustic goodness. I have avoided, as I always do, with a sort of horror, anything that turned toward the sentimental; I wished, on the contrary, to show her accomplishing with simplicity and willingness an act which is, with the other household duties, an every-day part of her life." The "rustic goodness," or rather the sweet and unassuming patience of her face, was intended to awaken in the spectator a sentiment very much deeper than could have been stirred by a display of mere color-harmony or grace of interdependent lines, and the beauty of this picture resides, according to its author, in the quality, not of the *technique* which it displays, but of the emotion which it calls out; and it always seems an anomalous thing that the contemporaneous school of impressionists who profess to believe, with Mr. Whistler, that the only legitimate beauty of a work of art is the beauty of tone, of line, of composition, should so admire the productions of Jean François Millet, which, if dependent only upon such beauty, would not have been very remarkable at all.

It

*Paintings
by Fortuny*

*and
Villegas.*

It is solely upon such beauty as this, however, that the works of most of the great modern colorists rely, nor can one deny that it is perfect of its kind, and capable of producing, within its own sphere, a very pure quality of pleasure. If not the highest sort of beauty, it is undoubtedly the highest beauty of its sort, and nowhere, perhaps, has it unfolded itself more successfully than in the paintings of Fortuny, who, in Mr. Vanderbilt's collection, is represented by that superb bouquet of tone and color, the "Arab Fantasia at Algiers"—several Moorish soldiers dancing, with much flourish of rifles, in the presence of an eager crowd of native men and women. Similar in motive are the pictures of Villegas, that clever pupil of Fortuny's, who comes with his "Arabian Nights' Dream"—a stupid Turkish chieftain lying at full length on the rich rug of a divan, his heavy face a reflex of a sensual soul, listening to the strains of a guitar played by a houri beside him, beneath huge gray plumes that bend from an Eastern vase against a background of gorgeous stuffs, the whole a masterpiece of sumptuous chromatic splendor, wrought with a large, loose touch in luxuriously indefinite outlines—and also with his "Christening" scene in a brilliantly-lighted Spanish cathedral, where scores of stately men and lovely women of fashion witness the lazy cardinal's performance of the first rites of the church for an infant in embroidered white robe, whose father, much older than its handsome mother, stands in patient dignity holding it in his arms, surrounded by the gay red frocks of the officious acolytes, amid a lavish variety of exquisite delicacies and opportune refinements of pictorial tones, admirably arranged for interdependent effect.

*Munkacsy's "Two
Families."*

If, now, we turn to Munkacsy's "Two Families," where a dog and her three pups, two of whom are lapping milk from a dish on the floor, make themselves comfortable in an elegant breakfast-room in the presence of the interested lady of the house and her three amused children with their nurse, we find a picture in which the sentiment is designed to produce an emotion of the purest and deepest quality, and of which the execution discloses the highest technical excellence; and such

such a work, we must believe, being weightier in import, is better worth the doing than one in which the sentiment appealed to is less noble and the executive traits less learned. Masterly as are the color-scheme and play of line in Villegas's "Christening," these are more masterly in Munkacsy's picture; while the sentiment of the latter is absolutely free from the faintest taint of satire, and beautiful to the last degree. This mother has three children, and so has the humble beast on the floor beside her, and in both groups of little ones she is fondly interested. It is "Two Families" that the painter shows us, touching by the magic of his art the chords of our deepest sympathies.

This is not the place to enter upon an extended description of all the great paintings in Mr. Vanderbilt's collection, nor would a large volume be too commodious for the purpose. The landscapes of Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, and Jules Dupré, represent those masters without faltering; the Meissoniers, particularly "The Ordinance," an officer standing erect and firm by a mantel, reading an order to his meek subaltern, precise in treatment as a mosaic, yet free as life itself, and the picture of Marshal Desaux, pronounced one of Meissonier's best; the famous "Sword-Dance" of Gérôme; the "Spring Flowers" of J. L. Hamon, sweetly idyllic in the Tuscan sense, the young mother and her sportive child a rare tone-study in their relation to the sky and flowery field—

"Upon her eyelids many graces sit

Under the shadow of her even brows";

the daintiness of color and conception in the preposterously affected attitudes of the lovers in Rossi's "Gallantry"; the "Carnival Fête" of Madrazo, which, says the painter, "interested me greatly to paint it, because of the movement and variety of the persons represented"; the classical subjects of Alma-Tadema, with their capable study of contrasted textures, and their diffused breadth of light; the "Arabs watering their Horses," by Fromentin, wonderfully comprehensive in pictorial power; the celebrated "King's Favorite," by Zamacoïs—a gorgeously-dressed dwarf court-jester coming down-stairs amid the ironical salutations of a band of courtiers; the "Brittany Woman," by Jules Breton, spinning

Meissonier's "Ordinance" and "Marshal Desaux."

Paintings by Madrazo,

Alma-Tadema,

Fromentin,

Zamacoïs,

and Jules Breton.

on

on the shore of a deep-blue sea—all these works demand the most respectful examination. And to the same category belong scores of others in this masterful collection.

*Mrs. Van-
derbilt's
apart-
ments.*

Above-stairs, on the second floor, are situated Mrs. Vanderbilt's boudoir, bedroom, and dressing-room, Mr. Vanderbilt's bedroom and dressing-room, Mr. George Vanderbilt's library and bedroom, and a guest's bedroom and dressing-room. The hall on this floor is a gallery, surrounded by a colonnade of red African marble treated similarly to that below, its walls hung with immense Gobelin tapestries. A pair of very heavy embroidered Japanese *portières*, of an old gold ground, hang before the double doors that lead into Mrs. Vanderbilt's beautiful bedroom, the furniture and embellishments of which were made in Paris expressly for the purpose. Most of the ceiling is occupied by Jules Lefebvre's large canvas entitled "Aurora," a work of singular sweetness, delicacy, and strength. The capitally-modeled nude figure of Aurora appears seated in a chariot, drawn through the air by two young women of pleasing mien and manner. Below them is seen a maiden in an abandoned attitude of sleep, with poppies about her head and Cupids nestling around her; while in the lower corner of the picture the sun has just begun to rise through clouds and mists, its disk half obscured beneath the horizon of the ocean. This work is masterly, alike in beauty of keeping and in mechanism of finish. The conception is profoundly poetic; the result is hushed, lovely, and mystical—"a sweet effect, blandly luminous," as Mr. Rossetti would say.

*Lefebvre's
"Aurora"
on bedroom
ceiling.*

With all its wealth of adornment it is a very notable fact that this handsome room is most modest and unassuming in demeanor. An ineffable air of repose pervades it. Nothing importunes the spectator. The wood-work and furniture consist of various polished woods with inlays; the bedstead being of mahogany with rose-wood trimmings, and draped in the French manner by a canopy (just below the ceiling) of brocaded silk of Louis Seize designs of sprays and flowers on a buff ground, framed in with broad bands of cherry velvet, and richly trimmed.

trimmed. The same material covers the walls, and serves as hangings for the windows, while against the windows themselves are curtains of rich Venetian white lace. The Dutch carpet, woven in one piece, has designs in blue and green on a red ground, and each article of furniture was specially prepared to harmonize with the wood-work of the room, which is Louis Seize marquetry—mahogany inlaid with diverse light woods. The *portières*, chair and lounge covers, and bed-spread, are choice specimens of Venetian, Dutch, and Eastern embroideries.

On the dull-red plush cover of the pretty dressing-table, surmounted by an oval mirror, is seen a wonderfully complete array of toilet appliances of sterling silver-ware, all of them marvels of the jeweler's craft in *repoussé* work—two candlesticks, two brushes, a hand-mirror, powder-box, hair-pin box, clothes-brushes, bottles for essences and perfumes, and a silver case containing scissors, shoe-buttoners, nail-knives, and so on—a bright and pleasing collection. The Louis Quatorze clock and candelabra on the mantel-piece are handsome examples of boule-work. In an alcove in one of the window-recesses stands a writing-desk; easy-chairs, sofas, stands, a chiffonier, a center-table, and a wardrobe, all richly inlaid, complete the furniture, in the presence of a charming full-length, life-size, standing oil-portrait of Mrs. Vanderbilt's youngest daughter, Mrs. Webb, and several other paintings.

*Repoussé
work in toi-
let articles.*

To the right a door opens into Mrs. Vanderbilt's dressing-room, which is fitted up in mahogany, with a spacious dress-closet of ash at the back. To the left is an entrance to her boudoir, which occupies the northeast corner of the house.

This beautified and delectable retreat discloses its tone of blue from the walls hung in silk brocade shot with gold-thread, from the ceiling painted with panels of figure-subjects, from the furniture upholstered in stuffs similar to that on the walls and at the windows. The carved, ebonized mantel-piece has many shelves and cupboards filled with rare *bric-à-brac*, and a fire-opening faced with Mexican onyx. Two curious *étagères*, one carved box-wood inlaid with ivory, the other carved ebony with a profusion of carved ivory panels and other ivory decoration,

*Mrs. Van-
derbilt's
boudoir.*

attract

attract special notice. Two tables, with the latest books, magazines, and knickknacks, are covered with blue plush. The *portières*, rich embroideries in gold on a ground of light-blue silk from Eastern looms, are framed in plush of peacock-blue.

Mr. Vanderbilt's bedroom.

To reach Mr. Vanderbilt's bedroom, at the southeast corner of the building, we may pass through Mrs. Vanderbilt's bedroom and dressing-room, along the Fifth Avenue front, or into the hall. A general sunshiny effect of golden yellow predominates in this apartment. The ceiling and frieze are painted in hand and stencil work, with many medallions of figures representing sportive Cupids, and the tapestry paper of the walls is partly hidden by five or six oil-paintings. Bedstead, bureau, wardrobe, cabinet, lounge, and chairs are of rose-wood, intricately inlaid with satin-wood, mahogany, and maple. The draperies are of pale blue.

Mr. Vanderbilt's dressing-room.

Mr. Vanderbilt's dressing-room, opening from this place, is treated in Pompeiian style, especially as respects the fantastic color-scheme of the decorated segmental barrel-arch of the ceiling, and the figures of women and mischievous Cupids at intervals along the frieze—the whole hand-painted on canvas. The bath-tub, closets, and wash-bowls are all screened behind mahogany sliding doors, which have long mirrors on their faces, and the inside walls and ceilings are lined throughout with glass tiles, which also cover the other walls. The furniture consists almost exclusively of a dressing-table and a barber's chair, at the left of which hangs Forbes's picture of Mr. Vanderbilt driving his famous fast team of horses.

The library of Mr. George Vanderbilt is a comparatively plain and extremely comfortable room, whose walls are lined with mahogany book-cases ten feet high, upon which stand busts and vases, the ceiling being paneled in the same wood, and the wall-spaces concealed by a dark, rich leather paper. The effect of the whole is sober and serious. The bedroom opens out in the rear.

Guest-room.

The only guest-room on this floor was originally intended for Miss Vanderbilt before she became Mrs. Webb. It is a truly charming place,

place, with its furniture of rose-wood, its door-casings of the same inlaid with mother-of-pearl, its walls of gold brocade, and its ceiling decorated to carry out the golden scheme of the surroundings; and still more charming is the dainty and ornate dressing-room of satin-wood, its closets, bath-tub, and wardrobes lined with Mexican onyx, and screened by sliding doors whose faces are mirrors that reach down to the floor; its walls decked with beveled mirrors to a height of eight feet, while the space above, together with the entire ceiling, is covered with a paneling of small mirrors upon which have been painted lace-work patterns through which, here and there, a saucy young Cupid has burst his way. Curtains of Venetian point-lace partly conceal the window-panes, an Eastern rug reflects its sober radiance from the floor, and the general effect is that of a Marie Antoinette dressing-room in the palace of Fontainebleau.

Some important additions to the picture-gallery have been contracted for, as we write. The place of the present *aquarelle* room will be taken by a new gallery—larger than the main one—fifty-five feet long by thirty-five feet wide; and where the fire-place stands in the main gallery will be a door leading to a new and magnificent conservatory directly in the rear, the dimensions being thirty-six by twenty-two feet. A few alterations will be made in the hall, also; so that the visitor who stands in the bay-window of the drawing-room on Fifth Avenue, and looks thence across the drawing-room, across the hall, across the gallery, and across the conservatory—all on the main floor—will have a superb vista one hundred and fifty feet long.

*Enlarge-
ment of pic-
ture-gal-
lery.*

MR. CHARLES STEWART SMITH'S HOUSE.

FRESHNESS of conception in a work of art exercises a very distinct charm, and, when accompanied by suitableness and much beauty, produces a strong and perhaps indelible impression. Here, in Mr. CHARLES S. SMITH'S library, at No. 25 West Forty-seventh Street, hangs a *portière* so different in design from what one usually sees, so novel, ^{A notable *portière*.} fit, and beautiful, that when the eye rests upon it the mind proceeds to store away a recollection. On a center-ground of old-gold satine, framed in bronze plush and decked with hangings of delicate fringe and net-work, Mrs. — has painted, in pigments closely resembling India ink, a reproduction of Millet's celebrated picture "The Angelus"—two laborers, man and wife, bowing their heads in the field they are tilling, at the stroke of the *angelus* in a distant church-spire, under a serene glow of sunset. The modeling and pose of the figures, the delicacy of the *chiaro-oscuro*, the deft use of the satine ground to indicate the light-giving powers of the sky, and the affectionately intelligent sympathy of the artist for the great master, combine to reach a point where praise is superfluous.

Then, as one turns away, he is detained successively by several extraordinary oil-paintings on the walls, hanging above the low book-cases which surround the room, one of which, at least, is unique. We refer to that charming and last work of Thomas Couture, finished <sup>Couture's
"Le Petit
Giles."</sup> only a month before his death, entitled "Le Petit Giles," after a favorite boy-waiter who used to carry luncheon or other refreshment to the artist while he was at work at his easel, under the old elms which surround his historic château at Villiers le bel. Couture himself regarded

garded with especial love this delightful figure-piece, not only because he felt he should never paint another, but because it seemed to him a just and adequate expression of his powers as a painter of *genre*. The handsome lad, ten or twelve years of age, dressed picturesquely, is carrying a small waiter, on which are two partly-filled glasses of wine, and his beaming face shows that his heart in the service is glad as the sunshine that caresses his head and shoulders. The tender associations of this picture, especially the recollection of the painter's fondness for it and talk about it, envelop the work in an unusual interest for its owners, while its great qualities of sentiment and execution command extraordinary respect, which even the late Mr. William M. Hunt, of Boston, whose later homage was transferred from Couture to Millet, would be the first to award, were he still in the land of the living.

*Paintings
by Jules
Dupré,
Madrazo,*

and Boughton.

Next to this remarkable work, the value of which is likely to increase in geometrical ratio as the years roll on, hangs a sparkling landscape by Jules Dupré, simple as usual in theme, but highly complex in subtle effects of local color, light, and shade. The Madrazo, a fashionable Spanish beauty comfortably disposed in a chair, is a capital example; and George H. Boughton may be content to rest his fame upon his "End of the Maying"—a fresh spring landscape, with a group of five children in the picturesque costume of the time of our grand-parents. Mr. Smith owns also the original study of that artist's celebrated picture of William the Testy striving to enforce his *pronunciamiento* against the use of tobacco. "The immediate effect of the edict," says Washington Irving, "was a popular commotion. A vast multitude, armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes, sat themselves down before the governor's house, and fell to smoking with tremendous violence. The testy William issued from his house like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by lolling back in their seats and puffing away with redoubled fury, raising such a murky cloud that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle." That this study possesses qualities of which the larger work of the same title is destitute may very readily be conjectured; for it is an out-of-door

door work, painted in Holland, with all the inspiration of Dutch surroundings. Ziem, that painter of sunbeams, as Arsène Houssaye styles him, shows, in his picture of the "Pilgrims Starting for Mecca," the Golden Horn, with the spires and minarets of St. Sophia bathed in a glow of morning sunlight, the secret of which Ziem, in his later works, seems to have lost; the Jourdan, a modest young girl in white, sewing, with a cat lying cozily in her lap; the Clays, a deep and full-toned marine; the Jan Verhas, two children playing "Hide and Seek" in a handsomely-decorated interior; the Hugo Salmson—a *Salon* picture for which he got a medal—a child sitting in a meadow full of daisies and buttercups, a bouquet of which he has gathered. This "Dans le Champs" displays modeling of tanned feet and hands which suggest Jules Breton. Conspicuous in this room is a Dutch clock, lofty, and two hundred years old; a life-size marble group of Rossetti's "Esmerald," and a large Italian reproduction of Canova's "Cupid and Psyche" in bronze. *Paintings in Library.*

The drawing-room is a specimen of strictly Moresque decoration, separated from the library, in the front of the house, by a beautiful Moresque screen, supported by six slender pillars of Numidian marble, and abundantly carved in arabesques in low-relief, which repeat themselves in the designs of the flock-paper on the walls. The tone, like the wood-work, is oaken. In a lofty recess on the eastern side, fringed above by delicate open-work, and paneled in oak to the height of the ceiling, hangs an immense mirror, in a frame carved in high-relief to represent a succession of cherubs sporting among branches heavy with fruit—a specimen of Brussels decoration which is repeated in the large and costly writing-desk of the library. Suggestions of terra-cotta appear in the upholstery of the immovable divan beneath the mirror, on each side of which stands a Sèvres vase of large proportions and lustrous color, one of them being unique, so far as this country is concerned, its only mate having found a hospitable home in the Sèvres Museum. With the exception of the late Sanford R. Gifford's "Fishing-Boats on the Adriatic," which has none of the cadmium mannerism sometimes infused into *Moresque decoration in drawing-room.*

into the best works of that lamented artist, the pictures on the walls are water-colors, among them a "Mandolin-Player," by Fortuny, colored in princely fashion; a Japanese priest, by Villegas; the "Monk in the Storm," by Vibert; and a "Harem Interior," by Louis Leloir—each in its respective artist's happiest style. All the doors are of oak, lightly carved in the panels; and the Moresque ornamentation rises to the painted ceiling through a graceful cove of brilliant metallic tints. The mantel has been adorned with tiles whose designs are after heads painted by Raphael, and at the north end of the room is a costly and rare Chinese cabinet, of intricate scroll and carved work inlaid with ivory, the shelves supported by figures of dragons.

Picture-gallery.

Mr. Smith's picture-gallery, which opens from the drawing-room, contains about fifty oil-paintings. The Meissonier, of superb quality, is a trumpeter on horseback in a gale of wind; the Domingo, on whose shoulders it is predicted the mantle of Meissonier will fall, is represented by a Spanish bravo, in leathern jerkin, slouched sombrero, and cavalier's boots, with three comrades, playing at cards on a drum-head; the Rousseau, a cabinet specimen, thoroughly characteristic, with marvelously luminous sky; the larger of the Diazes, a moorland with foreground pool toning its deep reflections to the somber key of its surroundings. There are two Schreyers and two Van Marckes, a Jules Breton and a De Neuville. The "Echo," of Cabanel, a half-clad, affrighted nymph, seated on a mighty rock, is balanced by that extremely fascinating specimen of flesh-painting, "The Young Roman's Bath," by Gleyre, an artist whose masterly work is little known in this country. Two nude women, one of them holding an infant, are grouped about an alabaster font, and the most arresting point is not the naïvely demure characterization of the figures, nor the fine sense of repose unmixed with languor, nor the smooth and facile brush-work, but the vital play of light upon the warm carnation. Without entering upon a description of the varied attractions of this fine gallery, we may call particular attention to an important Detaille, a group of Prussian prisoners just captured by a detachment of French cavalry, and waiting near a well while a sergeant enters

enters their names in a book; a Steinheil—Abélard preaching in the cloisters of Nôtre Dame; and a child's head, by Knaus, which it is impossible to forget.

In a bay-window of stained glass, containing a series of pictorial representations of scenes in the life of Cinderella, stands a rose-wood *Art-objects.* cabinet full of choice *bric-à-brac* and porcelains. A screen of teak-wood, framing a cameo-stone carved in high-relief, stands near the wainscot of oak and mahogany.

MR. EGERTON WINTHROP'S ROOMS.

HAVING a strong and intelligent admiration for the French Renaissance decoration, especially for that of Louis the Sixteenth's epoch, Mr. EGERTON WINTHROP has furnished his handsome drawing-room, at No. 23 East Thirty-third Street, in pure Louis Seize style. Few apartments in this city have been treated with such persistent determination to reproduce in all respects the forms, color, and feeling of a particular *Louis Seize drawing-room.* era. Mr. Winthrop has gone so far as to import from France every article of furniture used—even the *papier-maché* ornamentations of the walls and ceiling, and the carved marble mantel-piece itself. He appears to have said to himself: "I will create a Louis Seize room that shall produce the impression of an absolute original. It is the kind of room that I prefer to all others, and neither diligence nor expense shall be spared in the pursuit of my object"; and no well-informed guest of Mr. Winthrop's is likely to question his singular success.

The reign of Marie Antoinette witnessed, indeed, the culmination of the artistic triumphs of the decorators of the French Renaissance. The *French Renaissance.* treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum, then recently discovered, described, and imported, had infused into the labors, especially of the *ébénistes*, the wholesome spirit of classic art. Paris set the example, and provided the styles, for the best decorative artists of Europe; and the houses of the French court at Versailles became the admiration of the civilized world. Elegance of effect never before reached the height then attained. Some persons think it has never reached it since.

Into a discussion of this question of taste it is not our purpose to enter. But the extreme elegance of the Louis Seize interior decorations has

*Louis Seize
decoration.*

has never, we believe, been denied. Whatever short-comings may justly be attributed to it—for no style is absolutely perfect; Jupiter himself sometimes nods—its fine elegance of impression is indisputable; and this elegance belongs in full measure to Mr. Winthrop's drawing-room. Scarcely a piece of its gilded furniture of exotic woods but is ornamented with that beautiful gilt bronze-work of festoons, masks, figures, and arabesques, delicately molded and chiseled and carved, after the manner of the celebrated Gouthière, and so well illustrated in the superb examples in the Hertford and Hamilton collections. These exquisite bands of decoration which appear alike on cabinets, tables, writing-desks, and other pieces of furniture, are far more elaborate and interesting than such specimens of Gouthière as appear on the moldings of the mantel-shelf and on the front of the chimney-piece in that famous boudoir of the Marquise de Serilly, lady-of-honor to Queen Marie Antoinette—a room which, in many respects, is one of the best exponents of the Louis Seize decoration. And if one is reminded of Gouthière, surely Mr. Winthrop's large marquetry table, which, notwithstanding its three years' subjection to the atmospheric vicissitudes of our hostile American climate, is still as smooth as glass, may suggest some thoughts of the great Riesener, and his marquetry-work in rose-wood, tulip, laburnum, and purple-wood. A man of infinite ingenuity was he, and Mr. Winthrop has cabinets of whose clever contrivances for convenience or concealment Riesener himself would not have been ashamed to be the author.

*Tapestries
after paint-
ings by Le
Brun.*

Of course, no Louis Seize decorations would be complete without some display of tapestries; and in this drawing-room, as well as in the reception-room on the lower floor, one sees some fine specimens, wrought after the original paintings of Le Brun. The piece that hangs in front of the china-closet is a magnificent example, glowing with the mellowness of tone that age imparts, and depicting a landscape with five heroic figures. The old Sèvres, Chelsea, and other porcelains, abundant and rare, heighten the characteristic effect of the room, and are most interesting to the student, who, doubtless, will not fail to notice

notice also the exquisite Vernis Martin panel in the cabinet near the northeast corner, whose transparent lac-polish on a gold ground softens, but does not conceal, the clever striated treatment of the latter; and when, at night, beneath the dancing shimmer of the crystal chandeliers and sconces, the room receives the added brightness of the handsome toilets of fair women, the full splendor of the *tout ensemble* may more easily be admired than described.

Passing down-stairs, after stopping a moment for a glance at the Louis Seize library with its book-cases made after some fine specimens in the Louvre, and its Louis Seize mahogany writing-table, we enter the reception-room, where again almost everything is an importation from France. The mantel is a copy of one in the Louvre, of Henry the Second's time, said to be the work of Goujon, who executed for that monarch the celebrated recumbent statue of Diane de Poitiers; the tapestries, woven at Beauvais, and perhaps two hundred years old, entirely conceal the walls with the story of the Hunt of Maleager, as depicted on canvas by Le Brun. An old Portuguese cabinet, with intricate brass ornamentation, stands near an old French cabinet, probably a reproduction of a Ducerceau. All the stuffs—French and Italian brocades, principally—are old; one of the cushion-covers being noticeable as a specimen of Italian Renaissance embroidery of gold-thread on a ground of crimson silk, to represent an ancient coat-of-arms. Rich hangings of olive-green cloth, with velvet trimmings, depend from the top of the window-casings on the east side of the room, and between them appears a large, old French mirror, in a frame of gilt metal-work. A Stuyvesant clock, on one of the cabinets, is chiefly remarkable for having been in the Stuyvesant family one hundred and seventy-five years.

MR. JOHN T. MARTIN'S HOUSE.

FOR some years Mr. JOHN T. MARTIN'S house, No. 28 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, has enjoyed artistic distinction. Its surroundings give one the impression of roominess, as if this fine mansion might still further extend its area without becoming cramped for space. Its picture-gallery is celebrated. Through the glass panels of two doors in the drawing-room the visitor receives the most pressing of invitations to enter, and, when the door has slid aside to admit him, finds himself in a commodious and beautiful apartment, whose wainscoting of ebonized cherry is inlaid with mahogany and plain cherry and ornamented with gilt lines, and whose walls are hung with a dark, neutral-blue brocade of worsted and silk, shot through with a delicate thread of gold. One of Christopher Dresser's papers, of a pattern probably not to be seen elsewhere in this country, covers the cove of the ceiling to the borders of the immense, oblong, octo-paneled skylight, whose wood-work again is of ebonized cherry, smoother than polished ebony itself. Several easels hold perhaps the latest, certainly the most important, canvases in Mr. Martin's collection. The Millet—two full-length foreground figures of a man and woman walking side by side, the former with a hay-fork across his shoulder—belongs to the most serious of that great artist's works, and, by its display of intensest sympathy for the toiling peasants, reminds one of some of his finest and most characteristic utterances recorded in Sensier's "Life of Millet." The picture, in an excellent state of finish and of preservation, seems to have acquired additional sweetness of tone during the years that have elapsed since it was painted, while its deep spiritual significance is of a kind to reassure the waning

*Paintings
by the Di-
azes,*

Rousseau,

waning faith of those who, in the midst of the prevalent frivolities of the studios, are sometimes tempted to undervalue the mission of divine Art itself. A thousand years from now this superb Millet (should it hold together so long) may enthuse the pen of the historian who discusses the æsthetic aspects of the nineteenth century. Two Diazes on a neighboring easel—one of them female bathers in a pool among the trees, the other a mythological figure-piece, with nude woman, man, child, and cherub—are noble specimens of the best qualities of the Franco-Spaniard's brush, manifesting, under happy auspices, his admirable balance and *élan*, his breadth and depth of color, and his dexterous correlation of gorgeous but not aggressive tints under an intense glow of lighting. Then there is the Rousseau—"Les Bucheronnes"—one of the largest and most notable examples ever imported into this country. Some peasants, indistinctly seen, are gathering wood on a hill-side beneath lowering storm-clouds; but the motive of the work has little to do with those humble and really insignificant persons. It concerns itself with an interpretation of the spirit of Nature in one of her angry moods—little cares she for puny man at such a time—and proceeds so masterfully in that direction as to become a true representative of the best that is thought and done in modern landscape art.

*Jules Bre-
ton,*

Troyon,

*and Rosa
Bonheur.*

But Mr. Martin's gallery contains other pictures—to be precise, seventy-six others. There is a Jules Breton, about four feet and a half wide by three feet high, from the collection of the Vicomte d'Aupias, of Lisbon. In a harvest-field a young reaper-mother, fine type of the Brittany peasant, nurses her infant, while the golden shafts of sunset play at tone-making on her uncovered breast. Four other women, also young, the companions of her toil, recline about her in various easy and picturesque attitudes, enjoying the "Reapers' Rest." There is a Troyon, three cows in a juicy pasture, the simplest of compositions, the tenderest of color-harmonies. The more outspoken Van Marcke has a larger picture, cattle standing in a meadow-stream, and looking mildly toward you. The Rosa Bonheur landscape, with sheep and cows reposing before a mountain background, comes from the W. T. Blodgett collection.

tion. The Detaille—flying squadrons on the left returning from a grand manœuvre, and reviewed by the commanding general and his staff on the right—was painted to order in 1878. The Bouguereau is a pair of naked twin boys of five years, kissing each other in Murillo fashion, before their pleased and most discreet mamma. The Knaus shows a cabinet bust of a healthy young woman, with the carnations painted as realistically and pictorially as one is likely to see in any German studio whatsoever. The Zamacoïs introduces us to some strolling players in the hall of a house, who make a monkey dance on a table to the piping of a lad. The Vibert, one of the keenest of his priestly satires, presents us to the canon at dinner, while a lank, devout, half-starved ecclesiastical subaltern, standing at a lectern, reads the Bible to him. The jolly diner, seated on a most comfortable crimson divan beneath a crimson canopy, his feet against a rung of the table, will soon play havoc with the boiled lobster, the wild duck, the steaming vegetables, and the contents of the decanter and the two or three bottles. The Fromentin conveys a great sense of hotness with its twenty or thirty horsemen marching in the desert. The De Neuville is a furious downhill charge of French dragoons at Gravelotte, amid a raking cross-fire from the Germans. The Gabriel Max is a young lady in black, seated at her piano, turning with clasped hands and woeful face, as a “spirit-hand” touches her on the shoulder. The Hector Leroux depicts a scene in which two vestals, during the reign of Caracalla, are condemned to die for violation of their vows of virginity. “Seventeen young girls,” writes the artist, “whose names I have collected, perished by being whipped to death, or buried alive, and these two unfortunate heroines, Aurelia and Pomponia, were of this number. I have supposed that the sentence was passed in a hall appropriated to large reunions, in which the company of vestals were assembled. The vote has been taken; it is unfavorable to the two accused, and the high-priest is reading their sentence to them. The mother superior, surrounded by her attendants, constitutes the high tribunal. All the other vestals, marshaled on the steps, comprise the jury, and the high-priest, who
announces

announces the decree of guilty, represents the government. The two empty chairs in the first row bear the names of the condemned victims," who are robed in black, while the other vestals are in white. Pascutti, Defregger, Boutibonne, Landelle, J. B. Madou, Desgoffe, Schreyer, Merle, Cabanel, Verboeckhoven, Koek-koek, Carl Becker, Zimmerman, and other painters, are represented in this gallery, to say nothing of the Americans W. S. Mount, J. Beaufain Irving, T. Buchanan Read, and Homer Martin. Mr. Mount's picture is that well-known *genre*, "Music is Contagious"—some farm-hands dancing and fiddling in a barn, a merry negro boy outside imitating the motions of the fiddler. Several pieces of modern Italian sculpture complete the collection.

The hall. But the many charms of this noble gallery must not longer detain us from noticing some other attractions of Mr. Martin's house. The impression made upon the visitor who enters the main hall is one of delight, which increases as he makes himself familiar with his surroundings, and which prepares him for the successive feasts to which his eye will be treated as he passes from room to room. In Renaissance style is this richly-furnished hall, with a high wainscoting of dark oak, which gives the pitch to the general tone of color, and with a decorated frieze of hand-painting above it, lighted by stained-glass windows at the front and rear entrances. A square oak staircase, substantially built, leads upward from a central alcove at the left, and all the furniture is massive and perfectly in keeping. At the end of the hall, the oak door opens upon an extensive garden and lawn, whence Mr. Martin's gardener brings rare and beautiful flowers at every season of the year. No city house, indeed, would wish to be less cramped in its environment than this one, with its wide gardens on the south and west, and its wide avenues on the east and north.

The library. The library, occupying the northeast corner of the building, is handsomely finished throughout in dark mahogany, in the style of François 1^{er}. Nothing could be richer, and at the same time quieter, in effect than the wood-work of this interesting apartment. The walls are

are hung in painted canvas, and the ceiling is decorated in fresco-tints to correspond. Very happy in form and dainty in carving is the magnificent mahogany mantel. The chairs and divans are upholstered in light-blue plush, a material that appears also in the window-curtains; the book-cases project easily from the wainscoting, as if organic parts of it; and there is not an article of furniture, nor a single specimen of the multitude of rare *bric-à-brac*, that a person of taste need wish to be absent, or to be otherwise placed.

The generous supply of costly china in the dining-room is not out of keeping with the luxuriance of the general decoration of that inviting retreat. Like the library, this room is finished in dark mahogany, but the style is Louis XIII. Above the high wainscot the walls are covered with embossed leather-hangings, and the ceiling with hand-painted canvas. Two large and superb pieces of old tapestry lend a special interest to the general effect of the affluence of carved mahogany in mantel, buffet, and chairs, and of hangings of bronze plush exquisitely embroidered.

Mrs. Martin's boudoir, a truly *bijou* apartment, represents the expenditure of exquisite taste in the use of ebony. Every article of furniture was specially designed for the place, and with the embroidered hangings of crimson silk plush, and the various other decorative details, goes into the production of an *ensemble* that the most fastidious would the most enjoy.

MR. WILLIAM CLARK'S HOUSE.

ON Mount Prospect Avenue, Newark, New Jersey—a street justly named—overlooking the city of New York in the distance, the city of Newark, and the beautiful villages that nestle at the foot of the Orange Mountain, stands the commodious mansion of Mr. WILLIAM CLARK, which, in its resemblance to some of the fine old English country-houses of an early period, may be called baronial, being neither Elizabethan, classic, nor Queen Anne. Its pictorial effect, externally viewed, depends upon its massiveness, its simplicity, and the graceful grouping of its few lines, as well as upon such special features as the mullioned windows, the cornices with plain moldings and dentals, and the occasional finial, peak, gargoyle, or spout—the architect, Mr. William Halsey Wood, having made proportion and solidity the dominant attributes, and having kept mere ornament and mere symmetry subordinate. The greeting of the house is a dignified and cordial invitation to enter and be welcomed. *Pictorial effect.*

From the massive stone porch, through heavy, brass-mounted doors of ebonized oak, the visitor reaches the spacious vestibule of oak, twelve feet square, and obtains his first glimpse of the interior, and with it the impression of a hospitable home, stately and refined. The sense of domesticity prevails, heightened and stimulated by the sense of hospitality; this house is a home, and this home provides for many guests. Here, in the vestibule itself, is a wide, open fire-place, paneled in a niche, with mantel of rich, brown Belleville stone, and an alcove on each side. Two broad oaken seats, opposite the fire-opening, are divided by square oaken columns, which repeat themselves on the side-walls, *Vestibule.*

*The main
hall.*

walls, and support a broad frieze of paneled oak. A feeling of rest pervades this anteroom, and under the influence of the felicitous impression the visitor enters the main hall, twenty-two feet by twenty-six, its grand staircase of oak six feet wide ascending at the left from an L which is open to the roof, and facing the entrances to the parlor and the library, its wood-work of oak liberal but not superfluous in treatment, with a wainscot five feet high. On either side of the staircase is a double flight of richly-turned balusters, which support heavy, molded hand-rails that spring from simple and massive oaken newels, the staircase itself landing at a gallery eight feet above the hall-floor, in the presence of a magnificent stained-glass window, the full width of the side-hall, and returning thence to the main landing on the second floor.

*The din-
ing-room.*

But, before ascending, let us go into the dining-room at the end of the hall, facing the vestibule. Here the impression is rather of a quaint, antiquated dining-hall, than of a modern dining-room. A broad bay-window admits the northern light through stained glass between heavy stone mullions. In the midst of the oaken wainscot, of basket design, square uprights support a broad band or frieze, and between them the finish is in bronze and gold, producing, especially at night, a warm brilliancy that harmonizes excellently with the idea of a banqueting-hall. The oaken ceiling is timbered in bold relief with massiveness of detail, and the heavy mantel surmounts a chimney-place of grand proportions.

*The draw-
ing-room.*

The walls of the drawing-room, finished in satin-wood, and decorated in ebony and gold, are upholstered in a rich, tufted silk damask, with a dark-red border at the angles, giving a prevailing effect of a golden glow of color, to which the quiet, rich tone of the carpet is auxiliary. A square, mullioned bay-window, screened from the rest of the room by a partition of stained glass with Oriental designs, looks out to the east; and a mantel of Mexican onyx, with columns of white marble supporting a canopy, lifts itself to the ceiling, its stone effects softened by a judicious introduction of upholstery whose tones blend with the gold-

gold-and-bronze coloring of the classic designs of the ceiling. All the furniture is in studied harmony with the general tone.

Opening from this elegant drawing-room, whose rich, classic effect is not disturbed by extravagance or exaggeration of detail, is the library, ^{The li-}
brary.^{brary.} finished in mahogany. Its mantel occupies the entire south end of the room, showing above the fire-place a thick shelf of Sienna marble supported on high brackets of classic design; the deep jambs of the windows are paneled, and the only wood-finish is a simple base and cornice. The enrichment of the wall-spaces, both here and in every other room, depends upon the pictures, the color-decoration being in one simple, quiet tint. Stained glass, in low tones, embellished with appropriate portraits, adorns the windows.

The billiard-room, opposite the library, and entered from the main hall, has decorations of figured cherry, with broad upholstered seats in the two large mullioned windows, and its square lines are relieved by a semicircular bay-window. The mantel is wide, in low-relief, and of classic design.

The second and third story rooms are treated in cherry, ash, butter-^{Upper}
nut, walnut, and oak. The butler's pantry and the kitchen are of ^{stories.} cabinet finish, in fine hard-wood, on the highest scale of liberality in the appointments. Throughout the house, and particularly in the first story, the gas-fixtures reveal special patterns, accordant with the classic spirit of the architecture and the furniture, and emphasizing the chaste elegance of the rooms which they adorn.

In this noble mansion the purpose has been to let the decorative effect follow logically from the general design, so that all the parts shall blend without apparent effort, and no subordinate result shall be out of harmony with the constructive idea of the whole—an idea broad enough to secure style without pretension, luxury without danger to homely, domestic effect, simplicity without monotony, and dignity without severity.

MR. HENRY C. GIBSON'S HOUSE.

To a multitude of Americans who cultivate the fine arts, Mr. HENRY C. GIBSON'S house, on Walnut Street, above Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, has long been an object of interest, as containing one of the largest and most valuable collections of oil-paintings in the United States; and every American, or foreigner, who has been Mr. Gibson's guest, will not fail to recall the very striking manner in which these works are arranged. Instead of building for them a distinct and lofty gallery, the owner has constructed a series of apartments called cabinets, Arrangement of art cabinets. that not only open into each other, but are integral parts of the house itself. He seems to have had no desire to keep his family away from his pictures, and certainly any visitor once inside the building finds himself immediately within sight of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the Gibson collection, and would be at a loss to say just where the "gallery" began and just where it ended. As soon as the massive front doors have closed behind him, his eye follows the perspective of a main hall generously lined with marble statues, brackets, and columns—their position in each instance an artistic study—and terminating, after a passage through the principal cabinet, in a conservatory whose luxurious greens of exotic plants constitute a distance enchanting and apparently endless. If he walks forward in this inviting direction he encounters, at the right and left, several opportunities of turning aside into an apartment full of oil-paintings and sculptural forms; and, even while he pursues a straight course, the hall itself becomes an anteroom of pictorial treasures.

Perhaps, however, after entering the building, he has turned abruptly into the drawing-room at the left, and, while surrounded by the old-gold

*Antique
mosaic.*

gold tones of its satin upholsteries, looks through and beyond the library in a direction parallel with the hall. The farthest object of his vision is an antique mosaic, four feet six inches square, representing a Bacchante found recently in an excavation of the Via Presentina, Rome, and showing, in a marvelous state of preservation, great brilliancy of color and truth of form. After an exposure to seventeen effacing centuries, this superb piece of petrine portraiture glows with a freshness and warmth that belong to vitality, and rivals the splendors of the varicolored marble columns that support the entrance in front of it. Not less brilliant in chromatic effects are the columns that guard Couture's famous allegorical painting, "The Thorny Path."

Most of the other leading names in modern art appear on the canvases in Mr. Gibson's collection—among the great landscapists, Corot, Rousseau, Jules Dupré, Millet, Daubigny, Troyon, Diaz, Van Marcke, Courbet, Rico; among the historical painters, Detaille and De Neuville; among the *genre* and figure-painters, Meissonier, Alfred Stevens, Boldini, Hamon, Gérôme, Vibert, Kaemmerer, Michetti, Madrazo, Fortuny, Zamacoïs, Pasini, Bonnât, Munkacsy, Jules Breton. There are more than a hundred of them, and they are constantly receiving important accessions.

*Still-life by
Delanoy.*

A still-life by Delanoy, from a recent *Salon*, is one of the most interesting of these later works, because of that wonderful sweetness of tone and softness and transparency of shadows, which show how little a picture depends for its effect upon the literary element of its subject. The clever young colorist and draughtsman has placed that ugliest of fish, the skate, in the midst of some shrimps, oysters, and jars of pottery or metal, and wrought an *ensemble* of exquisite beauty—the very beauty that constitutes the *raison d'être* of every work of art. And, in general, it is to be said of this delightful assemblage of pictures, that most of the names which they represent are represented with credit and distinction. Never was there a more representative Millet than "The Shepherd" leading his flock along the peaceful fields at sunset; never a more representative Corot than the finished little "Landscape" from whose gray clouds the larks seem to be singing; never a more representative

sentative Fortuny than the sun-lighted figures in the Spanish "Court-yard of the Council-House"; never a more representative Jules Breton than "The Potato-Harvest"; never a more representative Boldini than "The Temptation of St. Anthony," that poetic study of silvery tones and tender shadows, enveloping in its subtle and magical influence the ripest incarnation of French feminine loveliness.

Sitting in the dining-room, whose wood-work is entirely of carved oak, the guest may place himself directly in front of probably the noblest Van Marcke ever brought to this country, and, if he turns completely around, he may gain an artist's view of the picture, in the large mirror at the other end of the apartment. Some exquisite Sèvres Sèvres porcelains. porcelains glisten from a wall-cabinet close by, and near them are two lofty candelabra once belonging to the first Napoleon, and afterward to the French embassy at Rome. But these things are merely specimens of an abundant array of beautiful *objets d'art*, and one leaves them and the famous collection of oil-paintings with the feeling that, notwithstanding their great number and costliness, the chief charm is the graceful ease with which the whole has arranged itself to the inspiration of a private house, and contributed its share to swell the refined and refining influences of home.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE'S HOUSE.

THE poet Herrick once took occasion to observe that a sweet disorder more bewitched him than when art is too precise in every part; and no one can enter Mrs. BLOOMFIELD MOORE'S mansion, in Broad Street, Philadelphia, without feeling the charm of its easy grace of arrangement, and its unstudied hospitableness, as these disport themselves beneath the lofty ceilings and within the spacious apartments. You could entertain a baron's followers in this commodious house, and its fine old carved oaken furniture seems to have come from the baronial halls of poesy.

Certainly the abundance and costliness of the curious old chairs, *Curious old furniture.* chests, sideboards, tables, and cabinets, with the skillfully-chiseled designs that sometimes entirely cover their surfaces, are extremely remarkable features of this magnificent interior. Almost all the pieces, richly toned by age, were bought by their owner in Europe, and imported expressly for the adornment of her home; and while there is scarcely a room, on the first floor at least, which does not contain some beautiful specimens, the dining-room and the hall are perhaps the most lavishly endowed. Take that marvelous sideboard, three of whose sides consist of panels carved in high-relief to represent the principal incidents in the life of Christ. If one saw such a piece of furniture, even in the Vatican, he would be attracted by its skill and extraordinary elaboration. The two carved cabinets opposite did come from an old European palace, and their age is stamped indelibly on their worm-eaten backs. Even the oval mirror over the mantel-piece has a carved frame, and wondrously carved is the old oaken cabinet in the corner, containing scores of fine specimens

specimens of Capo da Monte. Pieces of blue china, once owned by Mrs. Moore's grandmother, and other blue pieces picked up in various places, brighten the walls.

The drawing-room.

Between the library, in front, and the dining-room, lies the noble drawing-room, its furniture of gilded white-wood covered with canary-colored tapestry, which appears also as hangings for the windows. On a malachite center-table is seen a superb Capo da Monte casket, and on the stand of the pier-mirror a pair of costly Sèvres vases and Capo da Monte candelabra. Between the two doors that open into the library is an immense glass panel, through which that room is disclosed to the visitor as soon as he enters the drawing-room, which thereby gains much in amplitude of effect, while directly in front of this panel stands a marble Cupid on a gilt pedestal, flanked on either side by bronze statues of Mephistopheles and Marguerite. The walls, painted a luminous buff, are hung with many oil-paintings.

Bronze figures.

In the library, directly before the glass panel, are two bronze figures, "La Science guidant l'Industrie," protected on each side by an immense flower-pot containing luxuriant ferns and palms. The book-cases, of black-walnut of chaste design, are filled with abundant examples of the bibliopegic art, overlooked by family portraits in oil, and surmounted by bronze ornaments and *bric-à-brac*. An immense Japanese plaque hangs over the door leading to the hall.

Moorish reception-room.

Mrs. Moore's guests are not likely soon to tire of the varied and singular beauty of her Moorish reception-room, at the right of the hall, directly opposite the library. It is replete with curiosities. The old carved chairs and cabinets, the marquetry table, the inlays of mosaic, the selection of rare porcelains, and above all the arched recess where hang in horrific array the Moorish daggers and other deadly weapons, combine to produce an effect as interesting as it is unique. And if we leave it, and pass down the hall, in the midst of surroundings of massive old carved chests, cabinets, chairs, and mirrors, immense Japanese vases, marquetry tables, a Silenus by Rubens, and a marble statue of "The Blind Girl of Pompeii," by Randolph Rogers—very clever in pose and

and modeling it is—we shall, after crossing the dining-room, reach the picture-gallery, at the extreme end of the house.

There are many oil-paintings here—an autumn effect by William Hart, a boot-black by J. G. Brown, a Cupid by J. F. Weir; James Hamilton's dashing sketch of Niagara, whose water looks and feels like water; De Heem's mellow-toned fruit-piece, with oranges, grapes, melons, and roses; a landscape by A. W. Gay; interiors, with figures, by Mieris and Tidemand, most patiently realistic; soft and luminous flesh-tints of a woman's bust by Diaz, balanced by a Greuze of similar motive; Oswald Achenbach's Italian coast-scene; Salentin's merry-making children—the Queen of the May, a young girl riding on a donkey, and crowned with a wreath of green leaves; and a still-life, of very promising coloristic qualities, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning's son, presented to Mrs. Moore by his poet-father, and therefore doubly valued by her. Near the center of the gallery is a life-size seated figure in Carrara marble—a portrait from life of Mrs. Moore's elder daughter, the Countess Rosin, wife of the chamberlain of the King of Sweden. Graceful in posture, sweet and natural in expression, her hands so beautiful that a sculptor might well solicit the pleasure of modeling them, she reclines easily in her embroidered robes against the back of a chair of state, whose arms are carved griffins, and whose back rests upon stumps of trees, between which peeps a nest on whose edge coo a pair of birds, while Cupid looks down benignantly upon them from a leafy bower, beneath the royal coat-of-arms. This remarkable piece of sculpture, inscribed with the name of P. F. Connelly, and executed at Stockholm in 1876, engages the attention of every visitor who is sensitive to the triumphs of the plastic art.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S HOUSES.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S country house is situated in the midst of an extensive and undulating landscape, about ten miles west of Philadelphia, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and at a distance of a mile from the station, where the host's carriage is sure to meet you if your arrival is expected. For several years scarcely a distinguished foreigner has come to this country without being welcomed by Mr. Childs at Bryn Mawr, at his villa at Long Branch, or at his city house in Philadelphia; and, were a list to be compiled of the guests who at various times have enjoyed that gentleman's hospitality, it would be almost Homeric in proportions and quality.

Wootton (as Mr. Child's calls his country-seat) is a first-class, well-appointed, and, above all, most comfortable specimen of pure Queen Anne architecture, internally and externally, from cellar to top. Englishmen who have dined at its hospitable table say that they never saw a better place to live in. On all the floors the walls are wainscoted, principally in butternut, to a height of four or five feet, and in the large, roomy hall both ceiling and walls are covered with paneling of the same wood, the wide staircase, easy of ascent, being made entirely of it. The mantel, of Caen-stone richly carved, with a clock inserted in its façade, is supported by three highly-polished cluster-shafts of colored marble. An immense bronze plaque, with figures around its rim and a head of Shakespeare in bold relief in the center, hangs on the wall, above a parlor organ flanked by brass sconces that hold three candle-burners each.

*Wootton,
country
house at
Bryn
Mawr.*

This inviting hall is entered under a *porte-cochère*, across a spacious vestibule

Vestibule. vestibule whose floor is of Roman mosaic, and whose inner door consists chiefly of one immense pane of glass, behind which hangs a simple white curtain. Before opening this door, the guest may turn to the left into the cloak-room, with its multifold arrangements for his convenience, or stop a moment to contemplate the beautiful landscape that stretches away at the right and behind him. The outer door is of mahogany, and the walls and ceiling of the vestibule are of butternut, lighted at night by a swinging lantern of stained glass; of stained glass, also, are the hall-window and all the transoms of the first and second stories. The edifice stands on an extensive terrace of cut stone, broken by a flight of superb steps. Not too far off rise the stables, remarkable for commodiousness, cleanliness, and ventilation, and for lavishness of most approved modern improvements. A merciful man is said to be merciful to his beasts, but Mr. Childs treats his with generous, costly, and intelligent solicitude.

The drawing-room.

The butternut scheme of the interior of the house extends also to the wainscoting of the parlor, which, opening at the right from the hall, contains some interesting water-colors, especially a dragoon by Detaille, and some hangings and *portières* of tapestry. The cushioned window-seats are cozy retreats. Glass panels, surmounted by a row of small and brightly-colored tiles, adorn the butternut mantel, and the blue or crimson plush of the chairs and divans harmonizes with the fainter tints of the wall-paper and the carpet. Not the slightest attempt at show appears in this room, or, indeed, anywhere throughout the house. The sense of comfort, and not the sense of ostentation, is fostered in the breast of the visitor, who feels himself at home rather than in a museum; and this gracious and winsome characteristic perfects itself in the dining-room, whose wood-work is of mahogany, and in the quiet library, where "Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue," presides.

In this delightful Wootton Mr. Childs spends each spring and autumn, the remainder of the year being divided between his Long Branch villa and his mansion in Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Here the appointments

appointments reflect a sumptuous motive, and money was not spared by the architect, who had received *carte-blanche*. The trimmings of the doors are of Tennessee and black marble, and the wainscoting of Lake Champlain marble, with small panels faced with Sienna. The ceiling of the marble vestibule is of Carrara stone, and the walls from Lake Champlain. Most of the woods are rich foreign specimens—satin-wood especially. The drawing-room and music-room, separated by an arch with highly-decorated pillars, are an adaptation of the French Renaissance style, about the time of Marie Antoinette, and have wainscotings of amaranth-wood, immense wall-panels of crimson satin, and ceiling-decorations of elaborate *papier-maché* and fresco-work, and when lighted by the magnificent chandeliers, with their profusion of Florentine glass pendants, present an effect of the most brilliantly-elegant description. Two mantel-pieces of satin-wood, surmounted by superb mirrors, reflect, contentedly, the hues and patterns of the Aubusson carpet; and the immense Byzantine clock, whose female figure, standing on a pedestal of several marbles, swings from her hand the golden pendulum at a height of twelve feet, would attract attention almost anywhere. A curious clock and barometer, once owned by Napoleon Bonaparte, are features of the dining-room, where is displayed also an *étagère* containing some lustrous plates made at Vienna for Queen Caroline. As for Mr. Childs's other porcelains, and his *faïence*, many pages might be given to a description of them, and a mention of the notable persons who have used them there. If such mention were made, it would include the names of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, Dukes of Sutherland and Newcastle, Lords Dufferin, Rosebery, Houghton, Ilchester, Caithness, and Dunraven, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lady Franklin, Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, J. A. Froude, Professor Tyndall, Professor Goldwin Smith, Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, and the Marquis M. Rochambeau, to say nothing of distinguished Americans.

We now enter Mr. Childs's library, whose wood-work is of carved ebony with gold borders. The furniture and book-shelves are of ebony
also,

The library. also, and the large center-table was made from a piece of ebony brought to this country from Africa by Paul du Chaillu. One of the chairs is a fac-simile of William Beckford's chair at Fonthill. But the true interest of this room centers in the rare and curious books gathered within it. A copy of Leigh Hunt's poetical works bears the autograph inscription, "Charles Dickens, from his constant admirer and obliged friend, Leigh Hunt." The original MS. of Hawthorne's "Consular Experiences," in thirty-seven large quarto pages, free from alterations and erasures, lies near a copy of the first edition of "The Scarlet Letter," which contains an autograph letter from the author, assuring Mr. Childs that the story is founded on fact, in that a scarlet letter was worn as a symbol by at least one woman in the early times of New England. "Whether this personage resembled Hester Prynne," he adds, "in any other circumstances of her character, I can not say, nor whether this mode of ignominious punishment was brought from beyond the Atlantic, or originated with the New England Puritans. At any rate, the idea was so worthy of them that I am piously inclined to allow them all the credit of it." Other original MSS. are of Fenimore Cooper's "Life of Captain Richard Somers," Edgar A. Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," J. R. Lowell's "Under the Willows," Charles Dickens's "Mutual Friend" (said to be the only complete MS. of any of his novels outside of the South Kensington Museum), Lord Byron's "Bride of Abydos," in part, William Godwin's "Cloudesley: a Novel," clear and smooth in orthography, Major André's satirical poem "The Cow-Chace," N. P. Willis's "Need of Two Loves," and Fredrika Bremer's "Bertha." In Dickens's MS. the erasures and corrections are frequent, the lines are very near each other and sometimes far from the horizontal, and the letters very small, in dark-blue ink, on a heavy paper of light-blue.

Collection of autographs.

The collection of autographs is marvelous in extent. The "Tom Moore Bible" contains, in the poet's handwriting, the names, birth-dates, and death-dates of his children. The "Black Book of Taymouth," in old English text, with much adornment of gold and other color, and abundance of genealogical matter, was presented to its present owner by the

the Duke of Buckingham. Gray's works, originally with four illustrations, now contain one hundred and twenty, together with autograph letters of Dr. Beattie, Sir Egerton Brydges, and others, and an original MS. of Gray's, entitled "The Habitations of our Kings." Very numerous are the presentation copies of notable works. A large folio contains the portrait of each President of the United States, accompanied by an autograph letter from the same, beginning with one from General Washington, written six days before his death. Mrs. Childs's album contains the autographs of hundreds of distinguished guests whom she has entertained at Philadelphia, Long Branch, and Bryn Mawr, many of the signatures being accompanied by sentiments—Dean Stanley, for instance, writing after his name, "A grateful farewell to the Angels of Hospitality, and a hope that they may find their way to Westminster Abbey, which will rejoice to receive its munificent benefactor."

*Portraits
and auto-
graphs of
Presidents.*

A letter received from the poet Longfellow possesses unusual personal and literary interest: "CAMBRIDGE, March 13, 1877. MY DEAR MR. CHILDS: You do not know yet what it is to be seventy years old. I will tell you, so that you may not be taken by surprise when your turn comes. It is like climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-covered summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits, higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. Then you sit down and meditate, and wonder which it will be. That is the whole story, amplify it as you may. All that one can say is, that life is opportunity. With seventy good wishes to the dwellers in Walnut Street, corner of Twenty-second, yours very truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW." But perhaps the most interesting letter in Mr. Childs's collection was written by ex-President Pierce to James T. Fields, describing the death of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "The telegraph," writes Mr. Pierce, "has communicated to you the fact of our dear friend Hawthorne's death. My friend Colonel Hibbard, who bears this note, was a friend of Hawthorne, and will tell you more than I am able to write. I inclose herewith a note which I commenced last evening to dear Mrs. Hawthorne. Oh! how will

*Letter from
Longfel-
low.*

*Letter from
President
Pierce.*

will she bear this shock? Dear mother—dear children! When I met Hawthorne at Boston, a week ago, it was apparent that he was much more feeble, and more seriously diseased, than I had supposed him to be. We came from Centre Harbor yesterday afternoon, and I thought he was, on the whole, brighter than he was the day before. Through the week he has been inclined to somnolency during the day, but restless at night. He retired last night soon after nine o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour he changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bed and mine, our beds being opposite to each other, and was asleep myself before eleven o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At two o'clock I went to Hawthorne's bedside; he was apparently in a sound sleep, and I did not place my hand upon him. At four o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him and found that life was extinct. I sent, however, for a physician, and called Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms upon the same floor near me. He lies upon his side, his position so perfectly natural and easy—his eyes closed—that it is difficult to realize, while looking upon his noble face, that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking without the slightest movement. I can not write to dear Mrs. Hawthorne, and you must exercise your judgment with regard to sending this and the unfinished note inclosed to her. Your friend, FRANKLIN PIERCE."

These are only a few of the literary treasures in Mr. Childs's library. On the walls appear life-size three-quarter oil-portraits of Mr. A. J. Drexel and Mr. George Peabody.

*Stained-
glass win-
dows.*

At the first landing of the staircase appear three stained-glass windows, near the figure on the central one of which are inscribed the illuminated mottoes, "The pen is mightier than the sword," and "*Nihil sine labore.*" On the second floor, the walls of the blue room (known as General Grant's room) are cushioned in light-blue silk, with cords crossing each other diagonally and held by buttons. The bedstead and furniture,

furniture, of satin-wood, are decorated in blue and gilt. In Mrs. ^{Mrs.} Childs's ^{Childs's} room—the pink room—the walls are hung with pink silk, gray ^{room.} striped, and the furniture is of rose-wood. A small canopy juts from the wall, near the ceiling, over a part of the bed. The inside of the doors are of a rare East India wood, almost as dark as ebony, but showing when the light shines on it a rich blood-stain, and the mantel is of the same beautiful material. This city house always commands attention for its exquisite and luxurious adornment.

MR. RUDULPH ELLIS'S HOUSE.

AT No. 2113 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, is situated the elegantly-furnished house of Mr. RUDULPH ELLIS, of which Mr. Frank Furness was the architect. On the right of the main hall is the library, and beyond it, in an alcove, the staircase; on the left the drawing-room, and at the extreme end the dining-room. The library is finished <sup>The li-
brary.</sup> throughout in antique oak, carved and heavily paneled; the wall-spaces are decorated with gold on a ground of solid crimson; the frieze appears to be made of the juxtaposition of perpendicular reeds of a light-brown hue; and the ceiling is an intricate net-work, or "Chinese puzzle," of deep oaken squares and curves, through which are seen occasional glimpses of crimson, which repeats itself in the stamped-plush hangings and *portières*.

Similarly treated, but in a lighter shade of oak, is the wainscot of the hall and the dining-room, where the ceiling, again heavily beamed, is decorated in crimson, white, and gold, and the oaken furniture covered with leather of a tint to match the lustrous crimson of the *portières*. An exquisitely-designed silver service, chased and embossed, and a set of dessert-plates painted after the pictures by Greuze, in the Louvre, are among the principal attractions of this place of repast.

Opening hence is the double drawing-room, with its superb uphol- <sup>Double
drawing-
room.</sup> steries and generous hangings of damask satin of turquoise-blue. Even the lofty pier-glass of the mantel is draped with this delicate material, which establishes the color-note of the whole room. The most important of the pictorial attractions is the Troyon—a white-and-red cow standing near a large tree in the open. Unlike some of his imitators,

Troyon

*Paintings
by Troyon,*

Troyon gets not only masses and values but the stereoscopic quality of atmosphere, and, in addition to this, that intense richness of color, combined with the delicacy of the real sentiment of nature, which is the despair of most painters, and that frank sincerity of expression which has sometimes been thought to be obtainable only in fresco. The decorative aspect of this work, great as it is, is not its principal title to consideration; along with it is the profound spiritual interpretation of sky, atmosphere, and animal life.

*Villegas,
and others.*

The pleasant facility of Villegas in arranging a bouquet of color displays itself admirably in Mr. Ellis's example of that able representative of the Hispano-French school, to whom Nature appears in the guise of a garden of flowers; and the specimens of Rico, Delort, Meyer von Bremen, and Papperitz are excellent of their kind. The room is lighted by an immense chandelier of glass crystals. Particular mention may be made of the mirror in the library, which consists of plate-glass backed by black velvet instead of the usual quicksilver, and produces a darkly-mysterious effect, like that made by the reflections from a very old oil-painting.

MR. C. H. CLARK'S HOUSE.

THE spectator who takes his position in one of the farthest alcoves of the library of Mr. C. H. CLARK'S house, at Locust and Forty-second Streets, Philadelphia, and looks thence across the library and its adjoining Louis Quatorze reception-room, across the hall, and across the drawing-room, until his eye rests upon the azalias of the conservatory which shed a softened luster through the lace curtains in front of them, enjoys a very interesting and noble perspective of not less than a hundred and twenty-five feet; and, if from the breakfast-room he gazes upon the oaks and chestnuts whose shade adorns but does not cover the rolling slopes of the private park, his view is commanding and alluring. These are, perhaps, the most obvious features of this handsome residence.

By far the most notable apartment, from the architect's and decorator's point of view, is, undoubtedly, the magnificent library, which opens on three sides into four alcoves, and has, in addition, the coziest and most tempting of low windows. In the alcoves, also, one has the sense of coziness, owing to the fact that their ceilings are much lower than the principal ceiling, which is divided by oaken beams into squares and other geometrical figures covered with embossed leather, and below which runs a frieze of stained-glass windows, presenting illuminated arabesques, fruit, and floriated ornament, together with a captivating legend from Goethe, which appears at intervals along its entire length: "Like as a star that maketh not haste, that taketh not rest; be each one fulfilling his God-given hest." Extensive panels of embossed leather occupy the wall-spaces below, and there is an oaken wainscot.

The library.

Among

Among the oil-paintings on the walls are two portraits by Mr. Munzig, of Boston, which exhibit, to a marked degree, ease of pose and of facial expression, vitality and solidity, and a vivid appreciation of the pictorial possibilities of portraiture. Among the articles of *vertu* on the book-cases are specimens of German painted glass-ware as old as 1609. The fire-opening is lined with Low tiles, and an immense Turkish rug lies on the solid oaken floor. Next to the library is the dining-room, finished elegantly in mahogany, and adorned with a magnificent Oriental picture by E. L. Weeks, and various other treasures.

Reception-
room.

The Louis Quatorze reception-room, in white and gold, contains, among other treasures, a beautiful cabinet of exquisitely-enameled medallions, a pair of antique gold plaques with much *repoussé* decoration, an excellent landscape by Jacque, and a very characteristic figure-piece by Bouguereau. The stained-glass windows of the inner vestibule doors are specimens of Tiffany's best work; those in the rear of the hall came from Philadelphia, and those at the first landing of the staircase from Boston.

The hall, of oak, is broken at the left, beyond the entrance to the drawing-room, by a triple arch, under which one passes into the breakfast-room, also of oak, its walls adorned with an exceptionally fine snow-scene by Schreyer, and an immensely clever low-toned figure-piece by Miss E. Baker. A cabinet in one corner discloses choice Japanese carvings and very beautiful silver-ware.

Worcester
vases.

The chief pictorial attraction of the drawing-room is the lovely Greuze on the easel, and the principal piece of furniture, historically considered, an antique Spanish cabinet, with many little drawers, each of them faced with tortoise-shell. Two magnificent Royal Worcester vases are protected by a glass case; a pair of superb Satsuma vases, ornamented in very high relief, stand on the mantel-piece; and a large old tankard of carved ivory on the Spanish cabinet. The Japanese screen is an example of very unusual beauty. A hundred other points of interest might be mentioned in connection with the interior and the surroundings of this noble mansion.

DR. E. H. WILLIAMS'S HOUSE.

THE most interesting apartment in Dr. E. H. WILLIAMS'S house, No. 101 North Thirty-third Street, Philadelphia, is the Japanese room, used by his family as a sitting-room, and not only decorated in the Japanese spirit, but stored with rare and beautiful examples of Japanese art. The wood-work is of ebony and ebonized cherry, which appears also in the large center-table, whose many shelves and drawers are laden with costly illustrated books. On the deep-blue of the coved ceiling, which extends to the immense, oblong, stained-glass window in the center, are paintings of flying storks, and of pine-trees which seem to have grown outside of the room and to be overshadowing it; while the frieze below consists of bronze panels from a Japanese temple representing in bold relief the sacred dragon in a variety of attitudes, and constituting a feature of singular artistic and historic significance.

The wall-spaces are an Indian-red, upon which appear Japanese flowers in natural colors, and linear decorations in gilt, together with an original Japanese poem—a lyric of the heart and of the Spring—in Japanese characters, each wall-space containing one stanza. We subjoin a translation of this charming literary curiosity:

“The pleasant Spring hath passed away,
 Now Summer follows close, I ween,
 And Ama's secret summit may
 In all its grandeur now be seen.
 Of yore the drying ground,
 Whitened with angels' robes,
 Spreads far around.

*Japanese
 lyric.*

“O'er

“O’er the world doth evil aye hold sway
I deemed, and far I fled away
Amid the hills;
But there the deer’s cry, too, thrills.

“From where my home,
My lonely home on Tago’s shore,
Doth stand, the wandering eye may roam
O’er Fusi-yama’s summit hoar,
Whose lofty brow
Is whitened by the new-fallen snow.

“On every side the vaulted sky
I view; now will the moon have peered,
I trow, above Mikasa high,
In Kasuga’s far-off land upreared.

“With deeper melancholy sways
The moonlit night my love-sick soul;
See how my face my woe betrays,
How down my cheek the tears roll!

“Now grasshoppers’ chirp the live-long night
I hear; now hoar-frost doth the ground
O’er-carpet; and in saddened plight,
My day-worn raiment yet unbound,
I strive in vain
On lonely couch repose to gain.”

*Japanese
tiles.*

Every detail of Dr. Williams’s Japanese room speaks of the people after whom the place is named. The tiles that face the fire-opening of the mantel were painted in Yokohama, with characteristic delicacy and brightness, to show a quaint festive procession of grasshoppers, who display banners of various flowers, who carry persimmons for refreshment, and who are attended by bevvies of docile wasps; and on the mantel,

mantel, in the presence of other notable things, is a small stand, of silver and bronze, representing a dragon emerging from the waves and offering a crystal to a mountain, which, in grateful acknowledgment of the gift, has vomited from its summit a much larger crystal. The lighting is effected by four brass lanterns appropriately designed. *Clois- Art-objects.* *sonné* enamels, lacquers, carved ivories, and porcelains, that belong to the connoisseur's category of true curiosities, half reveal and half conceal themselves in cabinets and on shelves, in all sorts of expected or unexpected retreats; and the pervading impression of this beautiful room seems as native to Japanese soil as the venerable and venerated Fusi-yama itself.

MR. WILLIAM M. SINGERLY'S ROOMS.

THE private offices of Mr. WILLIAM M. SINGERLY, No. 919 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are remarkable for the beauty of their decorations and the luxuriance of their appointments. Passing through two ante-*Anterooms.* rooms, which are wainscoted in cherry to a height of seven feet, and in one of which appears a fine antique cabinet of carved oak (with panels of *repoussé* bronze that recall the days of Ghiberti), and a masterly bronze figure of a dancing-woman of the twelfth century, we find ourselves in the principal apartment, face to face with exquisite oil-paintings and sculptures, and surrounded by a varied embellishment of color in the gold, blue, bronze, and silver tints of the Lincrusta Walton ceiling; in the birds-of-paradise that sport within the panels of the frieze; in the silver, gold, and turquoise-blue of the wall-spaces. The wood-work, of cherry, wainscoted to the same height as in the ante-rooms, is adorned by carved panels covered with French-walnut veneer, and cut through to show simple designs in white holly; and the architraves of the doors and windows are formed of turned columns, richly lined, which terminate in a flowing outline at the top, with a very deep and highly-polished cornice.

One end of this room is finished in the form of an octagon, ex-*Cabinets.* tending out to the folding-doors, each of the two corners being filled with a cabinet, whose doors and mirrors are of beveled plate-glass, and whose interiors are lined with sea-green plush. Beneath one of the cabinets is the fire-place, its hearth and sides of Minton tiles, and its facing of Formosa marble in a bronze frame; beneath the other cabinet is the wash-stand, also of Formosa marble.

The

The dimensions of this noble apartment are—length, about twenty feet; breadth, about twenty feet; height, about twenty feet. The furniture is principally of black-walnut and maroon leather, and the pale-golden tone of the carpet is emphasized in the satin *portière* of the hall-door.

*Paintings
by Léon
Herbo.*

Two seated female figures, by Léon Herbo, are oil-paintings of unusual charm, and particularly winning in facial expression and in pose is the young woman who, in a reverie, rests her head against a pillow placed on the back of her chair, giving to the spectator the complete impression of her dark-chestnut hair, her tender olive complexion, her soft hazel eyes, her delicate straight eyebrows, her closed full lips, her round dimpled chin, and her beautifully-formed neck and shoulders, veiled but not concealed by the light gauze that covers them. A fillet of pearls binds her wavy tresses, and of pearls also are her necklace and bracelet, a splendid pearl glistening in the *solitaire* ring on the third finger of her right hand. The accessories display great breadth and facility of brush-work, the face abounds in refined realization and linear grace, and the picture, as a whole, is fascinating in sentiment.

*Sculpture
by Lapi-
ani.*

Another art-treasure, of quite unusual significance, is a sculpture in Carrara marble, by Lapiani, of Florence, about one third the size of nature, and representing a handsome damsel, in a single article of dress, about to plunge into a bath. Her hands lie one upon the other near her knees, and her body bends gracefully as she prepares to take the leap. The chiseling is a piece of exquisite refinement, and the modeling displays remarkable ability in conveying the sense of life. On the mantel is H. J. Ellicott's bronze bust of Mr. Singerly's father, which was very successfully cast in an American foundry, and in the opposite corner of the room stands a marble figure that serves as a companion to the work of Lapiani, sharing with that clever statuette the admiration of Mr. Singerly's visitors.

MR. JAMES L. CLAGHORN'S HOUSE.

THE house of the President of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, No. 222 West Logan Square, Philadelphia, is chiefly interesting by reason of the number, beauty, and variety of the celebrated "Claghorn Collection of Prints." For many years the owner has been gathering this extraordinary collection, and his residence is visited by amateurs and connoisseurs from all parts of the country, who invariably receive the assistance of Mr. Claghorn's extensive knowledge of the art and history of engraving, and an unconditional permission to examine his treasures of the burin and the etching-needle. Mr. Claghorn's residence contains, indeed, noble paintings, and choice *bric-à-brac*, and pieces of *vertu*; a *Art-objects*. pair of Royal Watteau vases that a museum might be proud of; Sèvres candelabra of ormolu and blue that are replicas of a pair in the Luxembourg; a large ebony cabinet crowded with exquisite specimens of Royal Worcester and other ceramics, as well as cut glass of wonderful beauty, and copies from the choicest *bijouterie* of the Dresden vaults—notice especially the exquisitely-designed toilet-watch of gold, silver, and enamel—but its leading and commanding attraction is the famous collection of *Famous prints*. prints, which comprises the most important folios of engravings by J. G. Wille in the world; an entirely complete series of Seymour Haden's published and unpublished etchings, containing some plates which Dr. Haden himself does not possess; two examples of the first mezzotints ever produced, and a collection of old mezzotints not to be equaled outside of the British Museum; and very many representatives of the modern French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, English, and American schools. Fully fifteen hundred engravers and etchers are represented in this collection.

Of

*Rembrandt
etchings.*

Of the three hundred and fifty-three subjects executed by Rembrandt, two hundred and twenty-five are in this collection. "The famous landscape known as 'The Three Trees,'" said a writer in Appletons' "Art Journal," "is here found in an impression of extraordinary brilliancy, and, being honored with a place on an easel, can be seen to perfect advantage. This small etching was obtained at a cost, I believe, of seven hundred dollars. A superb impression of 'Christ healing the Sick,' which is known as the hundred-guilder print, was also, I think, procured at a like expense. An impression of this etching, in the first state, sold in London for eleven hundred and eighty pounds. The 'Ecce Homo,' containing a multitude of figures, is the largest plate etched by Rembrandt. The 'Descent from the Cross' is a trifle smaller. The former is in four different states, any one of which in a good impression is very much sought after by purchasers, and very difficult to obtain; but two of the first state are said to be in existence, and these are in the British Museum. The second state, also, is extremely rare, and differs little from the first. In none of Rembrandt's etchings does he betray greater study than in this; he seems to have observed, one by one, the faces of the Israelites and Romans that he introduced into the picture, and to have given them the various passions that swayed them at that eventful moment: cruelty, baseness, barbarous curiosity, coarse irony, the cowardice of Pilate, the brutality of the soldiers—are each and all most powerfully depicted. The background is rich in architecture. Rembrandt undoubtedly found his models in real life, as the Jews' quarter in Amsterdam was inhabited by a variety of Israelitish types. The 'Annunciation to the Shepherds' is another large plate, very brilliant as an impression and interesting as a design; like all his pictures, one side is in shadow, the other highly illuminated. In this instance, the appearance of an angel in the heavens gives light to the left of the composition—a light which, as it emanates from the figure, brightens the entire landscape where the shepherds and their flocks are running hither and thither in fright. This impression is one in which the bridge which crosses a ravine is still to be

be seen. Another large plate is the 'Three Crosses,' forty others are Biblical subjects, eight or ten allegorical, five vagabonds or beggars, and twenty portraits, among the latter being the celebrated 'Rembrandt and his Wife,' where the laughing artist wears a cap ornamented with a long feather, a scarf, and a saber. The landscape known as 'The Cottage with the Great Tree' is one of the most beautiful of the smaller plates, and unsurpassed for richness, softness, and harmony. The collection shows Rembrandt in all his moods, from figures drawn with a dozen marvelous lines to those finished with the most minute and delicate care. Perhaps this series of etchings is the most valuable, financially considered, in the Claghorn collection, although not so difficult to duplicate as the Wille engravings; but, artistically considered, their value can not be overrated. Mr. Claghorn is known in all leading art-centers as a very liberal patron of the fine arts, and he receives the best of what, in the way of prints especially, comes from abroad. He makes his purchases personally, or through the best dealers, and has devoted a quarter of a century to the work. The greatest kindness and cordiality are extended to persons wishing to visit the gallery—a privilege that is very much appreciated by the pupils at the Academy of the Fine Arts. His collection is a benefaction to Philadelphia, and an honor to the whole country."

*Variety of
the collec-
tion.*

The family sitting-room, on the floor above, is one of those comfortable retreats that tempt husbands to spend their evenings at home, and behind it is the play-room of the host's little granddaughter, as rich in provisions and appliances for childish sport and pleasure as is the private art-room of Mr. Claghorn himself in stored portfolios of engravings and in illustrated books. About forty thousand prints are classified and housed here.

*Sitting-
room.*

MRS. JAMES HARPER'S HOUSE.

A RICH but chaste artistic *ensemble*, conveying an effect of luxurious ease, is the dining-room of Mrs. HARPER'S house, No. 4 Gramercy Park. *Dining-room.* The pervading decorative idea has a costly simplicity, which expresses itself not only in the harmonies of the coloring but in the solidity and seriousness of the textures themselves. We see a delicate study of bluish-greens, of lustrous golds, of ripened hues of mahogany and oak, perfect in its sympathetic blending, charming in the fitness of its sentiment—a sentiment of which the legend inscribed on the marble slab above the fire-opening, “’Tis home where the hearth is,” may be considered as the verbal expression. A fine sense of repose belongs to surroundings in perfect accord with the desires of a cultivated taste, and full of evidences of a sensitive observation at the disposal of a trained and knowing hand. Nothing glares ; nothing stares.

To a height of about ten feet the walls are wainscoted with mahogany of a deep, rich tone ; but, in order to escape the slightest impression either of somberness or monotony, the ceiling has been paneled in oak. *Walls and ceiling.* From a ground of bluish-green, the golden bronze tints of the illuminated, embossed leather of the wall-spaces strike the eye agreeably and blend harmoniously with the prevailing tone. The glass of the large mullion-window in the west, leaded in geometric patterns, is not stained, lest the room should be robbed of needed light, but the decorative values of stained glass are found in the doors that open into the parlor. On each side of the mullion-window are cupboards whose fitness and beauty add a charm of their own ; and the Spanish feeling of the illuminated, embossed leather of the mahogany chairs

chairs is an echo of that of the wall-spaces. From within a large
Basket- basket-chandelier of cut crystals, the gas-jets diffuse a softened light
chandelier. along the gamut of tones beneath and about them, illuminating also the
spacious alcove, whose principal piece of furniture is an old carved
book-case. It is interesting to note that in the Washington home, at
Mount Vernon, there is a similar instance of a combination of library
and dining-room.

This dining-room is a most successful type of modern decorative art
applied to every-day needs, and by its solidity, comfort, and beauty,
presents a pleasant reminder of some old English home.

MR. H. VICTOR NEWCOMB'S HOUSE.

SPIRITED and intelligent suggestions of a Louis Treize drawing-room ^{Louis Treize drawing-room.} are presented in Mr. H. VICTOR NEWCOMB'S house, No. 683 Fifth Avenue. The walls, divided at intervals by highly-decorated pilasters, and hung with satin of salmon hue, a deeper shade of which appears in the English carpet specially woven for the place; the ceiling, profusely ornamented with *papier-maché* designs, gilded and painted; the mantel, of blue turquin marble; the embroideries, of the old pink plush *portières*, and the pale-blue plush hangings; the gilded white-wood furniture, still in the flush of the Italian Renaissance—all speak of that brilliant French epoch when the Italian princesses, who had married sons of the kings of France, aired their views of the beautiful in architecture and in household decorations; so that, were Maria de' Medici herself, mother of Louis Treize, to enter Mr. Newcomb's drawing-room, we may be sure she would find her own tastes reflected, not only in the general spirit of the ornamentation, but in a score of its most characteristic details.

The oil-paintings in this apartment, and, indeed, throughout the house, attract special notice. On an easel is Millet's famous "Water-Carrier" ^{Millet's "Water-Carrier."}—a woman bearing on her left shoulder a large jug, which she balances and keeps in position by two cords stretched over her head and held at arm's length by her right hand. As is usual with this painter, the expression of the figure depends less upon the facial features than upon the form. Few aspirations has this heavy, tired, automatic machine, and the beauty that the artist gets out of his story—for beauty he must get somehow—comes from the pictorial conception which treats the

"Combat
dans
Église," by
De Neu-
ville.

Music-
room.

the water-carrier as a part of a landscape, whose mellow tones of sunset-glow soften her coarse outlines, and suffuse themselves over a background of ineffable loveliness. In his "Combat dans Église," De Neuville handles one of the most tragic of his themes in his most dramatic manner. The French soldiers have forced their way into a church, and, amid a terrible fire whose effects are painfully visible, are rushing up a stairway just above the place where the priest was wont to confess his penitents. The drawing, masterly as the epic grandeur of the idea that pervades the scene, shows that spirit in movement which indicates a thorough knowledge of the draughtsman's resources. There is a delightful water-color by Vibert, and a pretty *genre* by E. Frère—a boy playing a pipe to the delectation of his comrades. Loustau-nau's "Madame la Générale," in her library, in equestrienne costume with whip and spurs, proudly dictating some orders to an amanuensis, is a piquant piece of observation and portrayal in character-painting. Over the doors to the hall and the music-room are inserted mythological canvases, by Galland, of Paris, representing respectively Poetry and Painting; and if we enter the music-room, after a glance at the immense octagonal mirror over the mantel, and at the beautiful chandeliers and sconces, with their generous and abundant festoons of crystal pendants, we shall see, against the hand-painted canvas of the Renaissance walls, Meissonier's halberdier—a portrait of himself in costume; a large, bright Goubie, with eight mounted hunters in the sunshine of the field; a Casanova, whose monk dancing with a lady in an elegant Spanish drawing-room, to the amusement of an elderly couple seated on the sofa, is cousin-german to one of Vibert's; a single figure by Meissonier *filis*; a New England landscape in winter, serving as background and foreground for a happy Puritan pair who are saluting each other warmly on "The Kissing-Bridge," where, it seems, such osculatory performances were not considered to be deadly crimes; a deliciously sparkling piece of sunshine and atmosphere by Boldini, who never did anything more characteristic than this—note, especially, the nonchalant, pictorial *motif* of the fashionable couple and their dog on the grass; a small

small cabinet by Delaroche, "Christ's Agony"; and a fine specimen of Alma-Tadema's robust frankness—a Roman mother and her two children, followed by her man-servant, about to enter an edifice whose vestibule presents in mosaics the welcome "*Salve*," and whose custodian stands at the right, with keys and a bowed head. Every detail is made out with classic erudition and pagan conscience; and probably Mr. Newcomb never entertained a guest, of whatsoever school of art, who did not admire the painting and the purpose of this admirable performance.

There are other treasures in this music-room, or library (for it may be called by either name), but we pass from it into the hall, whose walls are paneled with mahogany to a height of about twelve feet, and whose stairs are ascended from near the entrance into the music-room, so that when you reach the first landing you are facing the vestibule and the front door, instead of having your back to them, as is usually the case. The railing of this landing forms part of a handsomely-carved screen that greets the visitor as he enters the house, and entirely conceals the stairway. The wall-spaces of the hall are painted to present a copper-bronze effect; and proceeding toward the dining-room, at the rear of the hall, we pass on the left a beautiful conservatory, walled with stone, and affluent with tropical plants. It greets one as a pleasant surprise, and invites to tarriance. *The hall.*

An adaptation of the Henri Deux style, rather than a servile reproduction of it, is the decoration of the dining-room. Its spirit, earlier than that of the drawing-room, has an element of almost somber stateliness to which the latter is a stranger. Wood was abundant in Europe in the days of Henri Deux, and the architects and decorators were not hindered in using it. How massive is the lofty mantel of mahogany! how heavy the paneling of the mahogany ceiling! The wide, hospitable fire-place holds hickory-logs, and, as if to make its hospitality complete, the principal wooden panel above it is carved in high-relief with festoons of fruit. All around the room extends a wainscoting of solid mahogany, nearly six feet high, from which proceeds a vast sideboard, exuberantly carved, and two smaller sideboards, on each of which stand silver *Dining-room.*

*Features of
the dining-
room.*

silver candelabra, of exquisite chasing, and globes of cut glass. The northeast corner discloses a bay-window, with an arch whose spandrels are of open-work, and with hangings of bronze plush framed in tapestry, and a broad band of tapestry across the top, the whole repeating itself in the hangings of the other window and of the principal door. All the furniture is of mahogany; the chairs are covered with moquette tapestry; and in front of the door to the butler's pantry stands a screen of purple plush, painted with representations of grapes, roses, daisies, birds, and Cupids, and framed lightly in mahogany. To the walls has been applied a plastic composition which a stiff brush has disposed in disks, whose golden hue changefully shimmers with each change of the spectator's position beneath the spacious sky-light of the ceiling. The frieze, cleverly and abundantly modeled in floriage and leafage, is of *papier-maché*, painted in harmony with its surroundings; and landscapes by Corot, Lambinet, and Chelmouski, and figure-pieces by other artists, lend their welcome aid to the unfolding of the decorative scheme of this truly sumptuous apartment of a house where good taste is at home.

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND'S DRAWING-ROOM.





DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND'S JAPANESE BED-ROOM.



DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND'S BED-ROOM.



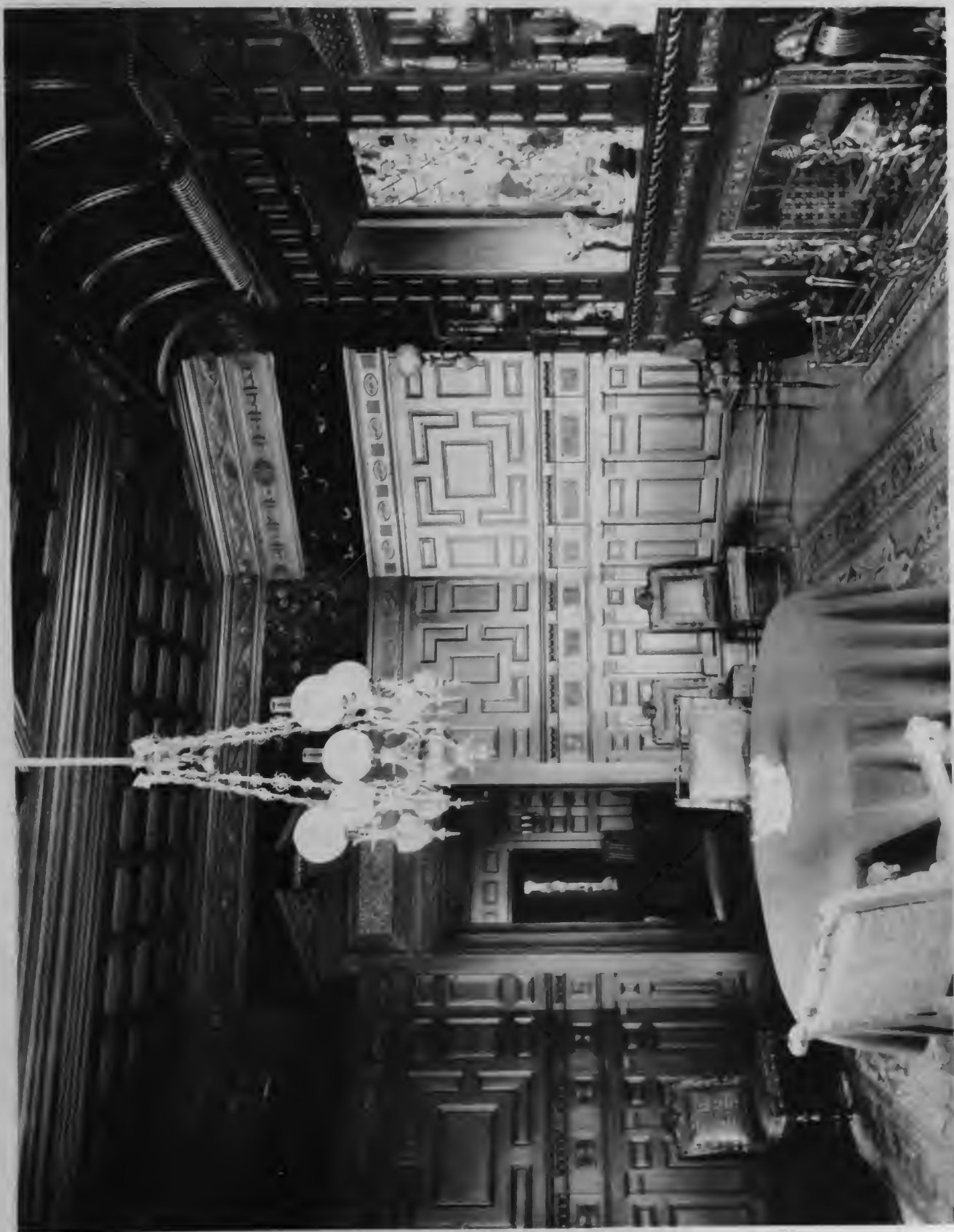
MR. W. H. DE FOREST'S HALL.



MR. W. H. DE FOREST'S LIBRARY.



MR. W. H. DE FOREST'S DINING-ROOM.



MR. W. H. DE FOREST'S PARLOR.



MR. F. W. STEVENS'S HALL.



MR. F. W. STEVENS'S FLEMISH BALL-ROOM.





MR. F. W. STEVENS'S DRAWING-ROOM.



MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S HALL.



MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S HALL—COLONNADE, SECOND STORY.



MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S STAIRCASE.



MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S DRAWING-ROOM.

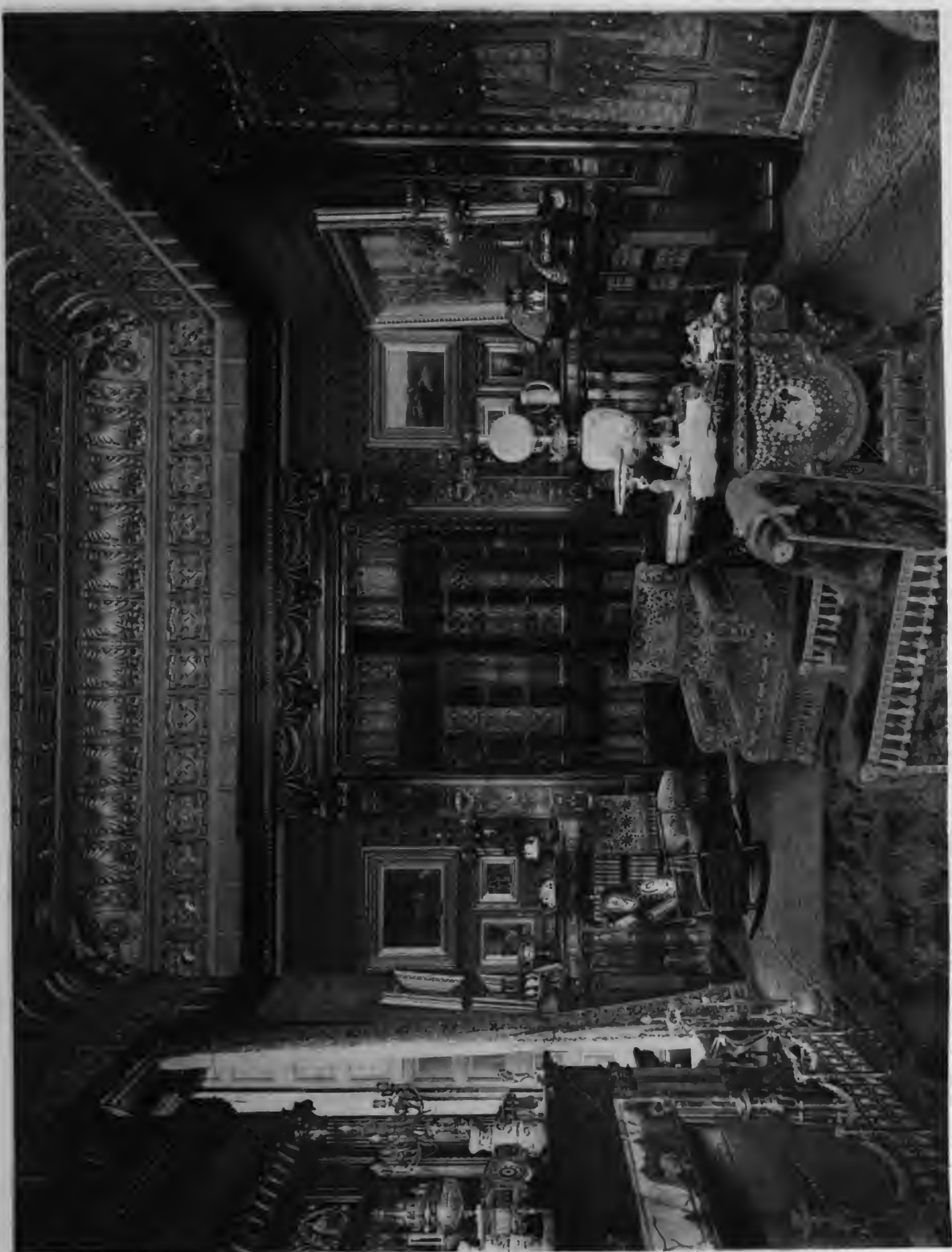




MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S DINING-ROOM.



MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S LIBRARY.



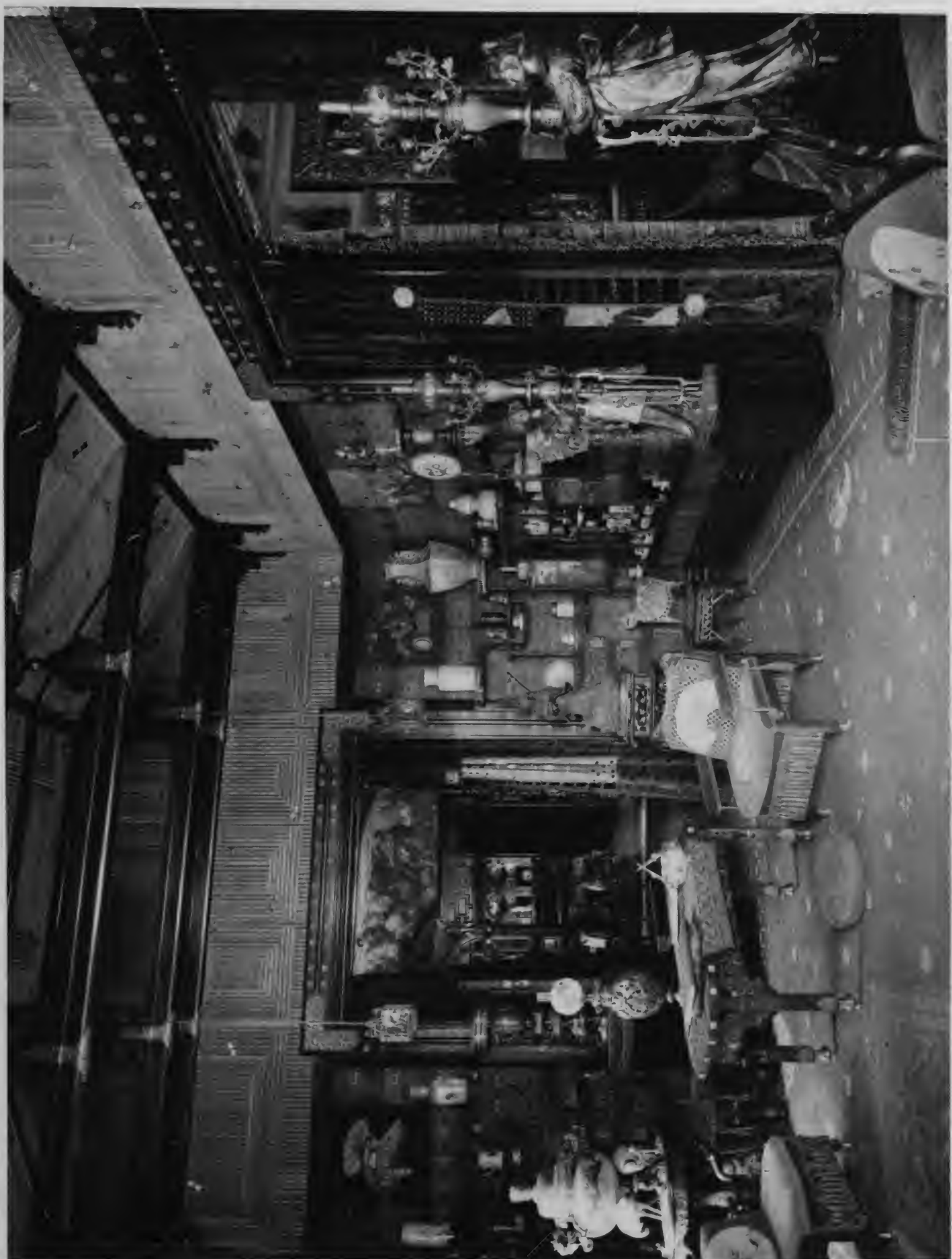
MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S PICTURE-GALLERY.



MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S PICTURE-GALLERY (Second View).



MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S JAPANESE ROOM.





MRS. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S BOUDOIR.





MR. CHARLES STEWART SMITH'S PICTURE-GALLERY.



MR. EGERTON WINTHROP'S DRAWING-ROOM.



MR. EGERTON WINTHROP'S RECEPTION-ROOM.



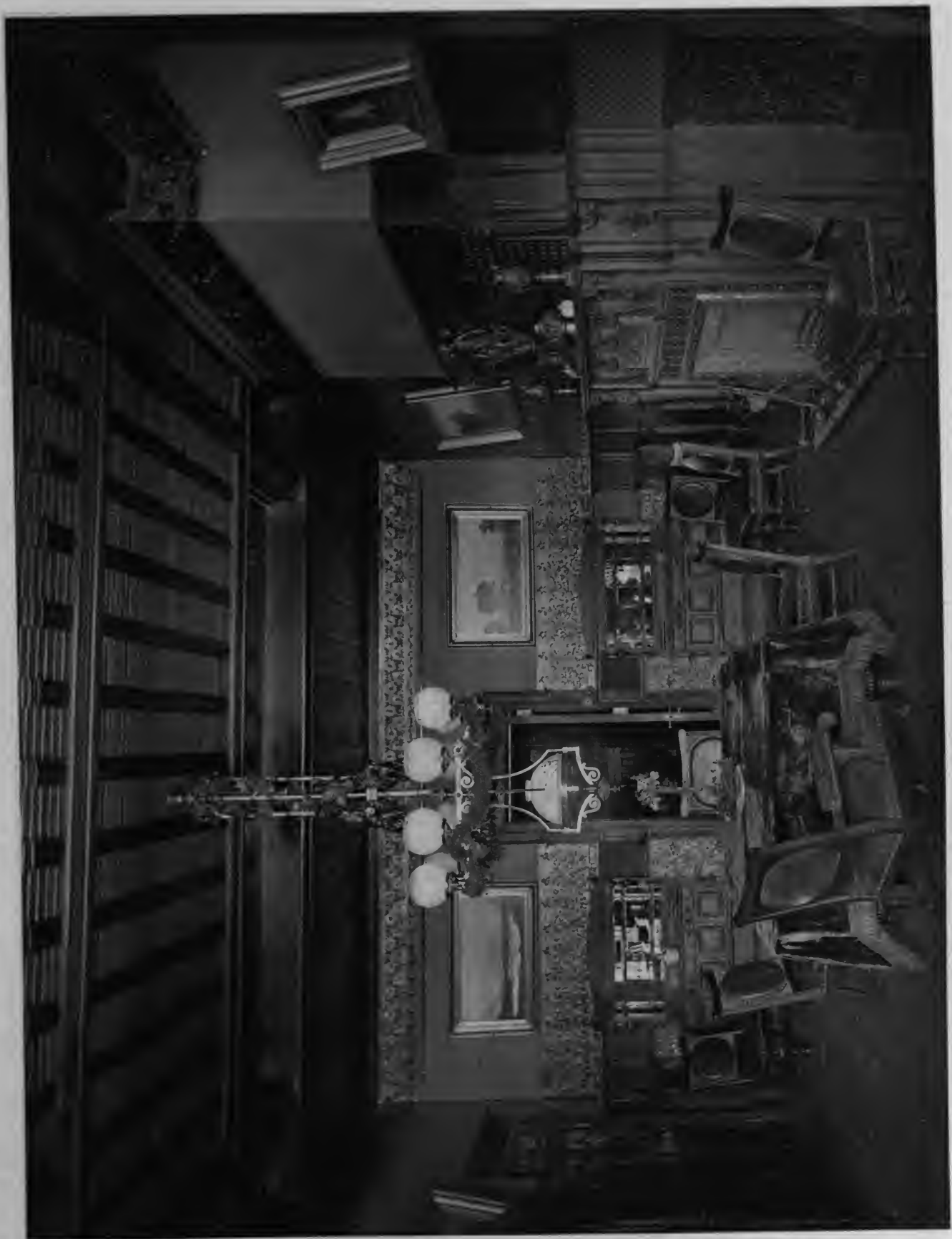


MR. JOHN T. MARTIN'S PICTURE-GALLERY (Second View).



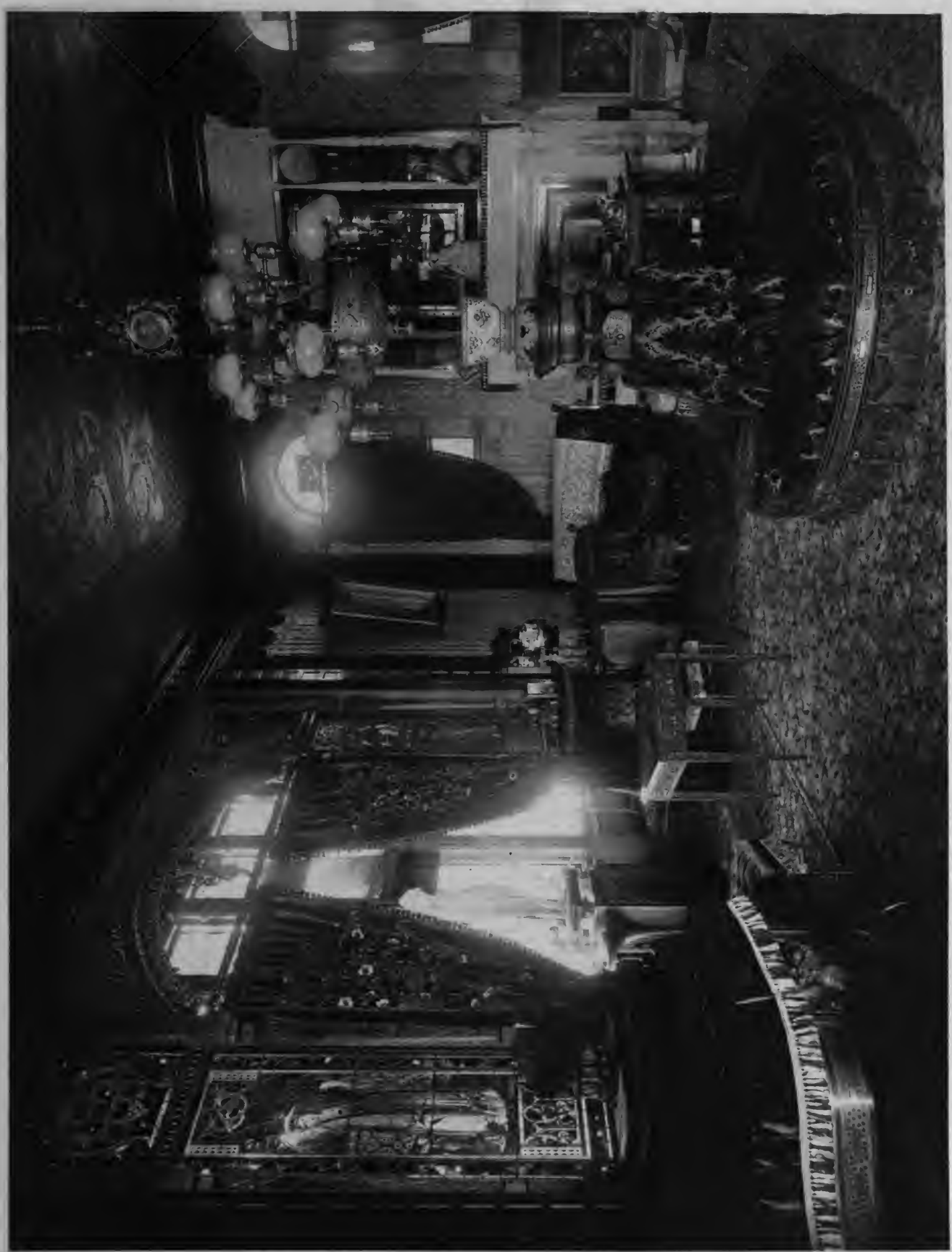








MR. WILLIAM CLARK'S DRAWING-ROOM.





MR. HENRY C. GIBSON'S LIBRARY.



MR HENRY C. GIBSON'S GALLERY.



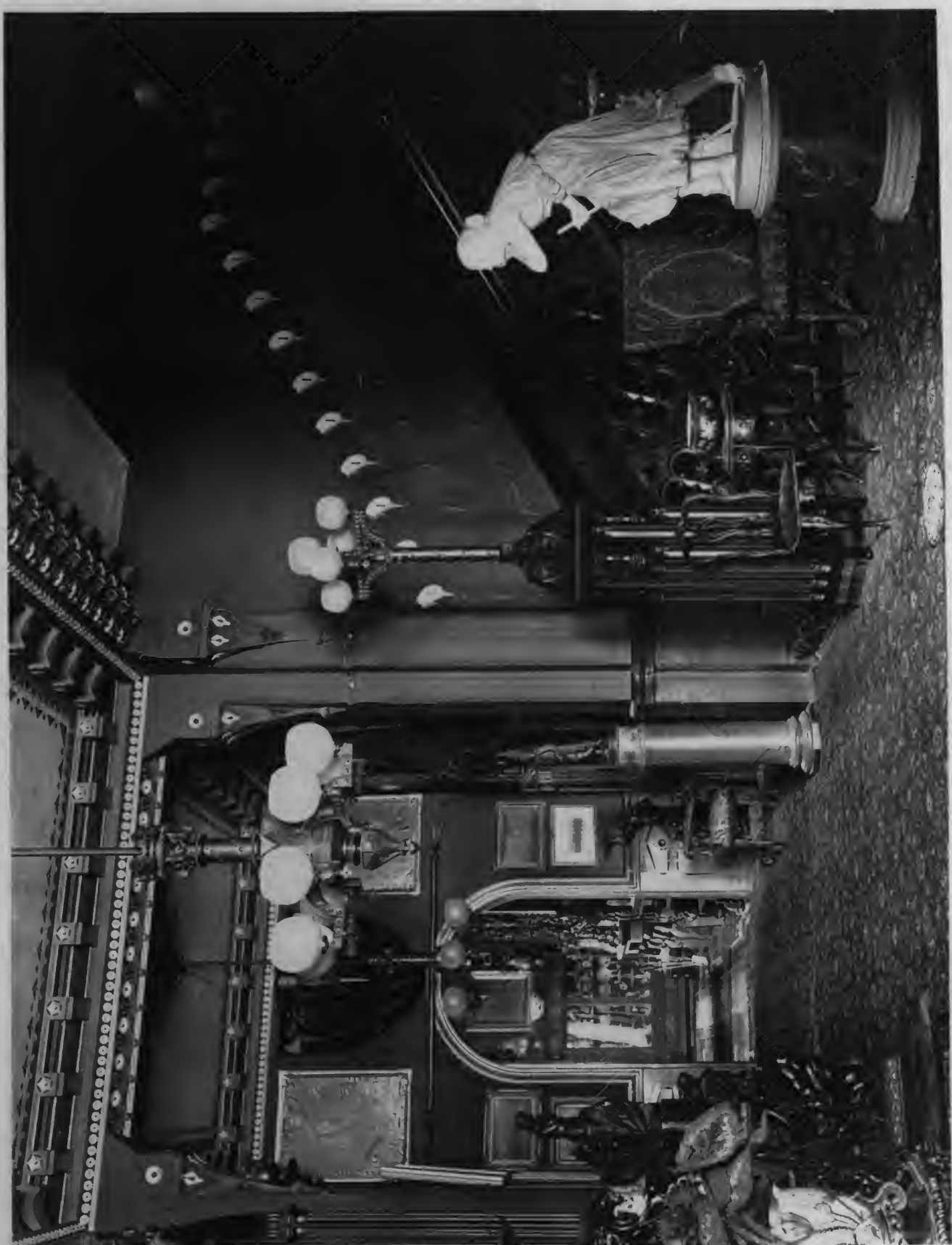


MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE'S DINING-ROOM.



MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE'S LIBRARY.









MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S DRAWING-ROOM, PHILADELPHIA.



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DR. E. H. WILLIAMS'S JAPANESE ROOM.



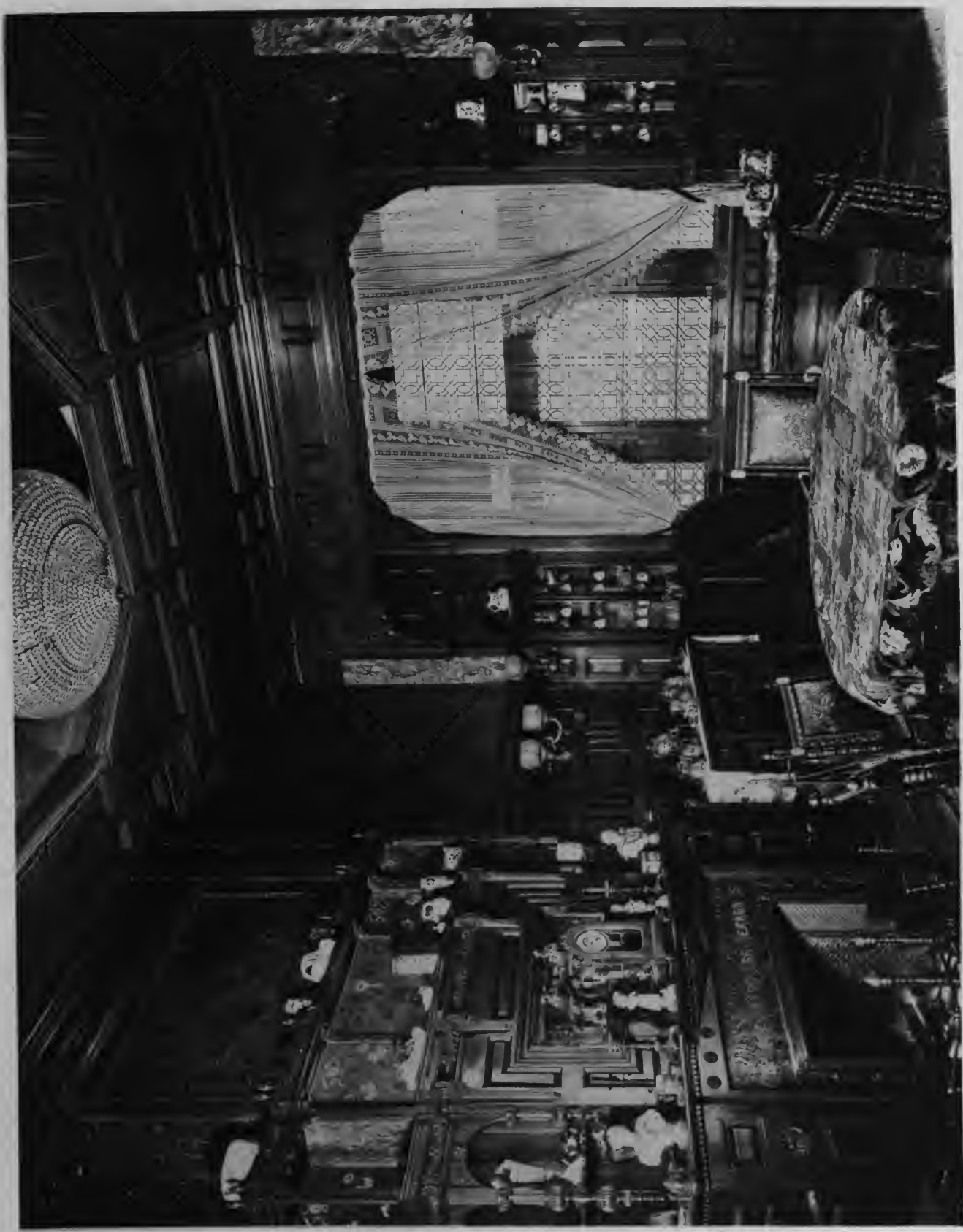
MR. W. H. SINGERLY'S OFFICE.



MR. JAMES L. CLAGHORN'S GALLERY.



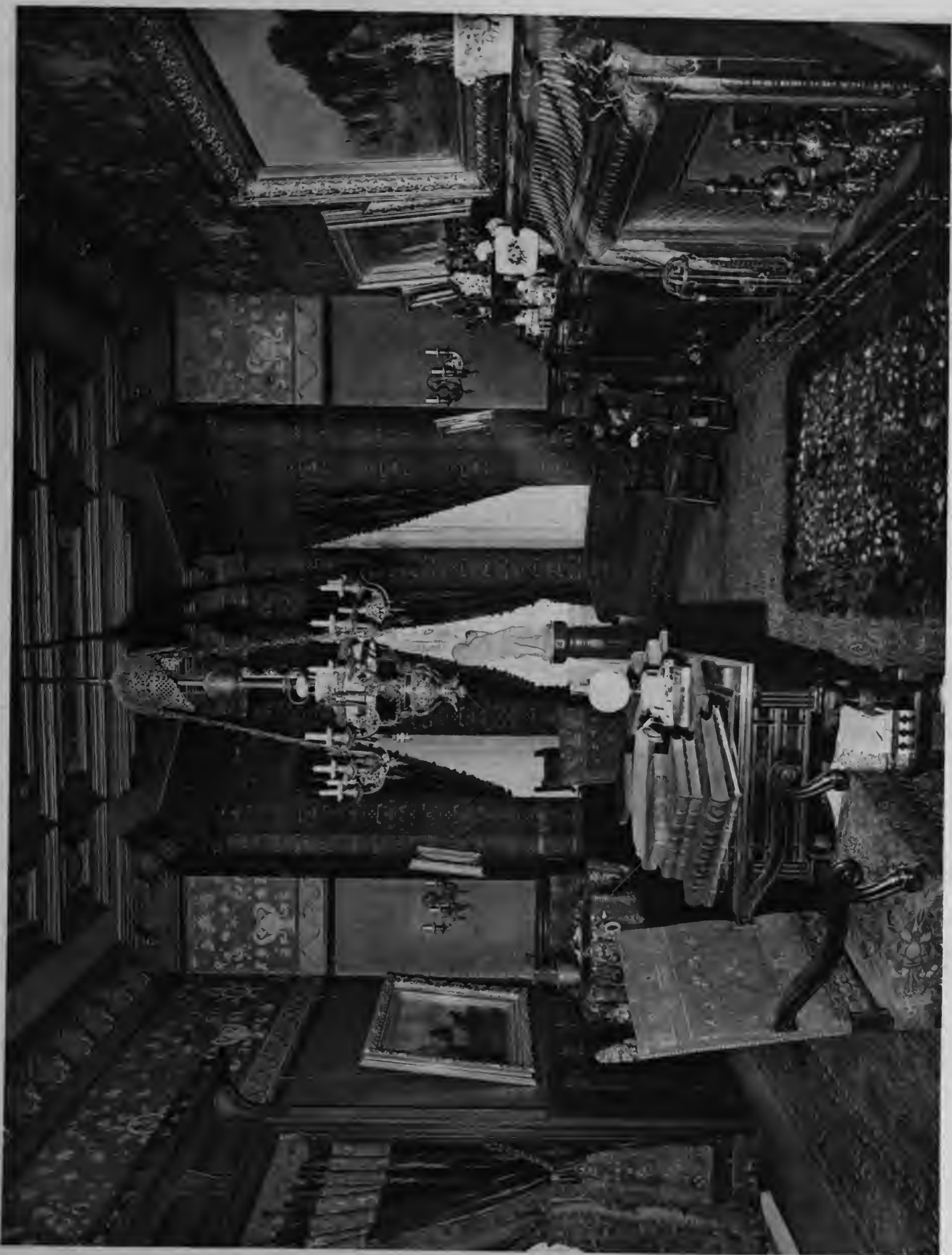
MRS. JAMES HARPER'S DINING-ROOM.



MR. H. VICTOR NEWCOMB'S DRAWING-ROOM.



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MR. H. VICTOR NEWCOMB'S CONSERVATORY.



